



AMY
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NOR SCRIP

Nor Scrip—Introduction

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BY

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Nor Scrip—Dedication

**To the People of the Family
With whom we have fellowship
As concerning giving and receiving.**

**The merciful and gracious Lord hath so done His marvelous works that they
ought to be had in remembrance.
He hath given meat unto them that fear Him.**

THE ANGELS' SUMS

When in this quiet room I write
Or do the angels' sums,
Among the cupboards and the books
A shining Presence comes.
I take each anna as a gift
From a supply divine.
Lord Jesus, as I write to friends,
I feel Thy hand on mine.
And so, as Thou didst long ago,
I too rejoice to be
About my Father's business,
In company with Thee.
G. W. P.

Nor Scrip—Note to Edition of 1933

Everything has grown greatly since this book was written. The last few chapters of *Gold Cord* tell something of this, though the book as a whole deals more with the unseen things of our Fellowship life than with the seen.

But we have left the story as it was first written, except for an occasional omission or revision, and the word that was true when our month's need was £5 10s. is as true now that it is about £700, and so our song is still:

Can God spread a table
In the wilderness?
Is our Father able?
Praise Him, Yes.
Glory, Alleluia,
Gratefully we sing
To our Unseen Leader,
Lord and King.
For His word is stable,
He who yesterday
Spread a bounteous table,
Does today.
A. C.

Nor Scrip—1. Jupiter's Moons

'You ought to tell it.'

It was an old friend, world-wide traveller and missionary, who was talking, and I listened, unconvinced.

We had been spending an hour in 'going round,' a rather tiring round to an old man in the heat; but he had asked to be shown all. So we had shown the nurseries set in their fifteen acres of garden ground, whose walls, coloured the soft red of the earth here, are covered in places with the polished leaves and yellow bells of allamanda and whose house gate is a mass of blue convolvulus. The other gate by which carts go in and out has, in large Tamil characters, the word *Salvation* written up high without, and *Praise* within; and those words preach all day long. He had seen the children's little hospital, and the school-house, like an old-fashioned house at home, built round a courtyard, and the bowery porch-rooms open to the air, and used as class-rooms and play-rooms. Then we had gone to the farm, and to the field where graft mangoes are planted for future benefit, and where the big well, very deep all the year round, gives the children splendid swimming joys. And finally we had returned to the guest-room, where Dr. Inwood set forth his views in the single authoritative sentence which begins this book.

And he talked to me awhile, meeting my objections, for I thought we had written enough; showing me how because of our rather unique circumstances we have a unique witness to bear.

'For instance, I thought So and So (he named a group of friends at home) were behind you, and others think the same.' And I knew it was true. Not one, but three separate groups are supposed to be behind us, three stools between which we might so easily have fallen. And the wonder and the joy is that we have not. 'It is of the Lord's mercy' as an old word says. 'You ought to tell it,' he continued. 'It is keeping back something that belongs to Him if you don't.'

Is it a far cry from such words to the words of Tobit, son of Tobiel, who in the time of Enemessar king of the Assyrians was led captive from Naphthali in Galilee?

Here are the words of Tobit:

'And all her streets shall say, Alleluia; and they shall praise Him, saying, Blessed be God which hath extolled it for ever.'

In Dohnavur we have a path twelve feet wide and two hundred long. It ends in an ancient tamarind tree. Under this tree in olden days demons were worshipped and false gods praised. Now two innocent swings hang under the shadowy boughs. The walk is bordered by cork trees, with flowers like glorified snowdrops hanging in scented clusters among dark leaves. On either side are nurseries, each with a story of kindness making an air of joy for it. In front, beyond a few low trees and roofs rise the forms and, in certain lights, the wonderful colours of mountains. If ever a street on earth had cause to say Alleluia this path has. It is set about with beauty and the loving-kindness of the Lord.

A year and three months after that 'You ought to tell it,' on a quiet moonlit morning before dawn, I walked up and down this path listening to its Alleluia and wondering how I could cause others to hear it. I never more feared to write any book, nor was ever more reluctant. But in the pale blue of the southern sky, the Cross shone in the moonlight. And to the west Jupiter, that matchless lamp of our February skies, led over the sloping shoulders of the hills. Looking at these lights one took courage.

Then the children, waking, ran out from the nearest nursery, 'Oh, please show us Jupiter in the telescope! We have never seen his moons.' So we carried the telescope out, and set it up and looked. There lay the great lovely globe with two sparkling little moons above and two below. Those small unimportant things did not say, 'What are we beside the great planet? We will not shine.' And one of the thoughts that had held back this writing had been, Are there not the great books, such for example as those the China Inland Mission sends out to all who will read, telling of provision in answer to prayer? What need then of a little one like this?

So from those far distances, words went out to the end of the world from the little moons of Jupiter. And in their sound was neither speech nor language, but their voices being heard drew from me as an answer a willingness to write. And now may He without whom all writing is ashes and vanity, give and direct this little book.

Nor Scrip—2. The Sign

The work for the children dedicated, or about to be dedicated, or in danger of being dedicated to the gods of South India, began with the coming of the first Temple child in March 1901. The thought of money in connection with it did not come to mind. The burden concerning them was heavy. The relief of being able to do something was great. Quickened by the sense of relief, the only thing we felt possible was just to go on, using whatever there was in hand, and taking no thought for the morrow. It was not the will of the Father that one of these little ones should perish. That was enough to clear the way and carry us on in peace. But one morning early in February 1904, something happened which brought the thought of money to the front. A letter came from a trustworthy pastor living in a Hindu town a day's journey distant: 'Can you send by messenger at once a hundred rupees to me? The child of whom you know is about to be dedicated to Siva. They have spent that sum upon the festivities. I cannot get her unless I pay it. If possible, send it at once.'

It was then about 10 a.m. If a messenger could be sent off within an hour she might catch the train five or six hours' journey distant, and be in that town by night. An hour's hesitation on the part of one who had heard of her, had lost a child only a few days before. I dared not hesitate. But to pay so much money straight to the devil did seem most impossible. There was only time for a quick word asking for light, and the guidance came so far as I knew it, 'Send the money.' So it was sent.

Then there was time to think. The child's story was this: Her father had married out of caste. He had found it inconvenient and so he had hired people who do such things to 'cause the wife to depart.' One night therefore she quietly departed. As soon as the death ceremonies were over he had let it be known that his only little daughter would belong to the gods. We had heard of it when we stayed in the town, living with this same pastor and his wife. We had tried hard to get the child then, but had found it impossible, and the thought of that bright little girl and her fate had never been forgotten. Now Ponnamal, the dear and

faithful Ponnamal, was on her way to save her. But that hundred rupees: it felt like buying a soul.

Then and there it was borne upon me that this was the beginning of something that would reach further than I had thought; there would be disapproval, perhaps, to face; doubt there would certainly be. How could I be sure my reading of our Lord's will was so clear that I could stand against anything or anyone however wise and good? And I asked for a sign, a Gideon's fleece, a round sum of one hundred rupees, no more, no less.

It came; the sender wrote that she had sat down to write a broken sum, but had been impelled to make it just that.

Awed and full of a most solemn joy, I called Ponnamal (who had returned with the child) and Sellamutthu, the members of our Women's Itinerating Band with whom I had fullest companionship of spirit. They too saw in this nothing less than a Sign, and much comforted and enlightened, they stood by me from that day forward.

But before the Sign came (the first of many such as will be shown hereafter) fears had time to sweep up. They came in waves, wave upon wave, and usually in the very early morning before it was light. 'It was now dark' is surely a poignant word. Expense would lead to expense, and difficulty to difficulty. This was the first time that the afterwards oft-to-be-repeated question, 'What will you do with the children when they grow up?' was asked, and it has been a help to remember who asked it, the tempter, not the Lord. But the main and immediate question was one of supplies.

Comfort came through the story of the feeding of the five thousand. 'When Jesus then lifted up His eyes and saw a great multitude come unto Him, He saith unto Philip, Whence shall we buy bread that these may eat?'

'We' was the first word of reassurance here. *We*, not *you*. Then the one hundred pennyworth of bread, something between six and seven pounds, was just about the sum I had had to send for that child. The remote became near as I thought of it. What are years to the King of Eternity?

But between verses 6 and 7 occurs, Westcott tells us, a break filled by the day's work. Can I in this new work go on all day sure that in the evening help will come?

Then as never again for fifteen years, I was allowed to taste of the cup which would be poured out for me if it did not come. Allan Gardiner for some hidden good purpose was allowed to starve to death. Therefore such an issue could not be regarded as impossible. The children...I need not track in writing the end of that thought. But I did that day tread every foot of it in imagination and came to this: Suppose the children die, and we all (of course) die with them, and the Christian world cries shame on the one responsible, what will it matter after all? The children will be in heaven, and is that not better than the temple?

But it did seem more likely to be to His glory that the little ones should live and be fed, just as the five thousand and their women and children were fed. It would be much more like Him. Only, one never can get past the '*But if not*' of the three and the, fiery furnace. And once the thing is faced, it is faced for ever. The mind is at rest, there is no looking back, and no care.

Nor Scrip—3. Simla, and the First Nursery

One day a telegram came from Simla. A member of the Imperial Legislative Council wanted facts about Temple children in South India. These facts had of course to be most carefully verified, if they were to be of any use to the men who were trying to frame a Bill for the help of such children. Frequently after that such requests reached us. It was impossible for any Government official (and the higher placed the more impossible) to discover or verify facts for himself. The moment such a man walks down an Indian street every blind, metaphorically speaking, is drawn, and no man ever sees behind those blinds.

To attempt to find out what it wanted to know, Government would have had to employ agents so well paid as to be above the temptation to accept a bribe, and, even so, the truth would most probably have eluded them for various reasons which do not concern this story. From this on, therefore, from time to time certain expenses had to be incurred which could in the nature of things show no visible result; for though more than one Bill was framed none became law. The powers against it proved too strong. This is not the loss it sounds. Those who know India know why. But the good men and true who did honestly try to better things were worthy of any help we could give them, and never was a long costly journey undertaken, never a quiet week's life in temple rest-house or wayside open shelter, with the one inconspicuous object of listening and watching accomplished, but special sums dropped as if from the skies to meet these unexpected charges.

There was at that time an I.C.S. man in South India who, reading what we had written about the facts as we knew them, was extremely indignant and resolved to disprove them. But he found this impossible. And one of the first gifts which reached us from outside the inner circle was from that man, who has been our firm friend ever since. Such gifts helped to meet these less missionary expenses; but in the accounts given in this book they are all merged in one; for they all belonged to the one work which our Father had given us to do.

Such activities, however, led to its becoming known in the underworld of South India that we were trying to get these children, and people in sympathy told us when they knew of such; this led soon to the need of nurseries. The first of these has a tale of its own.

We had been given a sum of money to use for this purpose. It was enough to build a room 24 by 12 feet. This was less than half as long a room as there was space to build round a courtyard already in use. To the Indian builder such a use of space is foolish. Why not go right round and finish off with a walled-in verandah, Indian fashion? That would be sensible. All this was duly explained to me, and I saw their point, and told them I thought the Father of these little children would very likely give them a larger room if we asked Him. So we did, kneeling down there and then in the middle of the heaps of sun-dried bricks. 'It is Thursday. Let the work stop till Monday,' we said, wishing to give time to be shown exactly how we should build. Monday was our mail day, and guidance about such things often came on mail days through the gifts which reached us then.

But on Saturday a letter came with notes for two hundred rupees, marked clearly 'For a new Nursery.' It had been posted in Madras in the evening of the day we had prayed for a gift to go on with. The Hindu masons looked at those notes as if they had dropped from heaven, as assuredly they had. Before we required more, another one hundred came in the same way. And again fifty. By that time the work was finished. We needed no more, and no more came. These gifts were anonymous. Some time afterwards the giver became known to me. She told me she had not known anything of our building operations, but one day in the beginning of that same week she had felt impelled to write to her bank in Madras, and direct them to send that sum of money and mark it in that way. As she was two days from Madras, her letter reached them just in time to enable them to post on the Thursday of our prayer.

'Christ Jesus our Lord: in whom we have...access with confidence.' Are any words in the New Testament more willing to be put to proof?

Nor Scrip—4. Rose—Spray and Rain

From the beginning of my missionary life there had been one at home whose delight it was to supply, so far as in him lay, the munitions of war, as he called them. The first little account book shows the writing, familiar at that time to thousands, and to me now, reminiscent of all that is most loving, most fatherly in love. But, as though to teach one that for this new work, and on to the end, henceforth all one's confidence, all one's hope was to be God and God alone, the last long illness of this dear earthly friend, Robert Wilson of Broughton Grange, Cumberland, had now set in, and soon after the beginning of the Temple children's work his help ceased. This sudden ceasing in the book of gifts is very marked. 'Believe ye that I am able to do this? I alone without another?' They said unto Him, 'Yea, Lord.'

And now began that series of provisions and interpositions to which the wondering soul can never become accustomed, as though it were a light and little thing for the God of all the earth to take thought for us. Never once in fifteen years has a bill been left unpaid. Never once has man or woman been told when we were in need of help; but never once have we lacked any good thing. Once, as if to show what could be done if it were required, £25 came by telegram. Once in an hour of need, of which not one on earth had heard the least whisper, some one emerged from the clamouring crowd at the Tinnevelly Bridge railway station, slipped a gift into my hand as I was about to get into the train, and was lost again in the crowd. And a day or two afterwards a gift came from the one who was then our District Court Judge. So from the first we learned that God's ravens fly in quite unlikely places; telegraph offices, railway stations and district courts are not the places where we should have looked for them.

Dohnavur is very inaccessible. This is good, as it leaves us free for the greater part of the year to work without interruption, and it is much safer for the children. But it means, of course, that not much comes by hand to us, and there has always to be money in the cash box for sudden calls.

Twice during the early months we were left without any. There was some in the bank four hundred miles away; but this could only be obtained by cheque upon the mission office in Palamcottah, a day's journey distant. There had been robberies on the road between, which is in part open plain, and liable to robberies. So the usual messenger had not gone, and no one could be found to go. The Government post however came and went as usual. Into the middle of this hiatus dropped a letter and a telegram. We had to send money by money order to a place eight hundred miles away by return of post, if we wanted to save a child discovered there. To delay meant almost certainly losing the child. The letter telling us so had been followed by the telegram, and both arrived together. The same post brought us exactly the sum required by money order from Canada. We sent it off that same day and it was in time to save the child.

These earlier experiences have been told elsewhere, [*Lotus Buds. The Beginning of a Story. Ponnamal.*] we only gather them up now because they belong in spirit to this special book, and touching on them lightly we will pass on.

One then, which greatly helped our faith, was the coming of the sum (£20) we needed to meet a rice bill which was larger than we were prepared for. The money came just in time to pay it. The sack of rice was poured out on the ground- I can see it now-and then it came.

Another help, of which I cannot think without seeing a rose-spray beaten in a rainy wind, occurred in the Hills, where a little room, whose window was set in climbing pink geranium and roses, was the place where I learned afresh what wonderful things our God can do. I had asked for the comfort of a certain sum of money to come in the mail. And it had come. [It was £40. Those were early days, and we were learning the truth of St. Augustine's 'Our daily furnace is the tongue of man'-woman, I should have said, that day-I can hear still the airy 'Well, I thought Indian babies could live on rice-water!' and here we were needing £40 for milk foods. But the story is told fully on p. 242 of the big first edition of *Lotus Buds* (p. 240 in the smaller later editions), so I need not repeat it.] Outside the sky was darkening for rain; I saw a little long light rose-spray with opening buds tossed about and swung up and down, and then bent as it seemed

to breaking-point under the first fierce onslaught of the wind. Then the rain fell. Rain in India falls in sheets, or in straightly slanted lines like the strokes of a scourge. Under each smiting the rose-spray bent till it almost touched the ground, but between each it sprang up again with such a living quick rebound that it was as though it were verily alive and exulting. And I watched, fascinated by the power of the life in it, till a sudden burst of sunshine scattered the clouds, ended the rain and set that happy rose-spray all but singing aloud for the joy of its dewy buds and fresh-washed glistening leaves.

A few days later we were down in the Plains, and there was the very fierce beating of a storm of wind and rain, and while this storm was upon us it chanced that we were concerned about a money order for Rs. 150, which had to be sent to Ponnamal who was in charge of the little branch nursery at Neyyoor in South Travancore. She was as careful as it was possible to be, and a very clever manager; but even so, things were costing much more than we had expected. We had yet to learn by blessed practice, though we knew it of course in theory, that expenses whether counted in pence, or shillings, or pounds, or hundreds of pounds, are all one to God. I hope we have never been careless about spending the pence, or their equivalent annas, and we had tried to avoid the little addition of the commission on the money order, but could not. So it went.

One week later a money order reached us for Rs. 151.14.0. So the Neyyoor bill was repaid even to the commission, and there was something over.

There is a verse in the New Testament which no Indian grain merchant or buyer of grain ever requires to be explained to him. Seller sells, and buyer buys, according to this rule, 'good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over.' This is the measure expected. If what is called 'flat' measure is wanted, it is so stated, otherwise the running over kind is taken for granted all round.

Our God gives like that, even to the odd minas over. There is no 'flat' measure with Him.

But we had not nearly got to the end of the storm. The nursery work was attacked by a gang of evil men, led by one who was known for miles round as pre-eminent

in wickedness. Those who were bringing children to us were tried in various ways and became discouraged. Some who had been keen lost interest; and yet we had to go on, and soon a little new nursery was the need of the day: so we prayed for it.

I was in a bullock-cart travelling back from a distant place and using the uninterrupted leisure to plan the room and to pray for it, when the local postman passing, recognizing the cart and coming behind, thrust aside the sack hanging over its open end and put into my hands a bundle of letters, the mail he had been taking to the bungalow. I opened that bundle with feelings of expectancy those living in this way will understand. In it was a letter with a cheque bearing the name *Arrowsmith*. This name stirred a memory. For long ago Mr. Edwin Arrowsmith took a children's service in Harrogate, and to that service the children of a certain school went. In the quiet at the end, a sense of the great love of God came to a child kneeling there. It was the single watered moment of an arid three years. The cheque was from a member of that family, and the name unseen, unheard of for so many years, woke thoughts like fountains. Something in the letter now read made it clear that the gift was that for which I had been waiting, the Sign gift for the new room. At once therefore, material up to its measure was ordered. More came as more was needed, and the room was built that nine years later was to be heaven's waiting-room to Ponnamal, the room where she heard her music and through all her long pain was comforted. But long before that, before the room was roofed, the intended device of the evil one failed, and we were delivered from all our fears.

Storm and rain and a rosebud spray. God's rose-sprays are safe in God's rain.

Nor Scrip—5. Anathoth

When we came to Dohnavur, the house which had been empty for many years stood in the midst of a small waste, over whose low mud walls the animals of two villages strayed at their pleasure, and in which half the neighbourhood seemed to camp as a matter of course. Gradually things became more orderly; and, as the work began to grow and more space was wanted, we added to it slice by slice as we were able.

Buying land in India is no trifle. Every minute section is possessed, not by one man, but by his family, and the consent of each member of the family, major and minor, has to be sought and bought. These small transactions are not counted in the price of the land nor did we include them in our accounts. They were as nothing in comparison with the expenditure of time they demanded, the endless agreements and changes, as some lost and objecting paternal uncle's second wife's brother's son was retrieved, and had to be placated, the leisurely palavers, and the various involved 'makings of friendship' necessary for even the simplest negotiations. For this is old India, not modern, and we do not pay people to carry our burdens, we carry them ourselves.

Finally, thirty deeds of sale of various sorts accomplished, the required legal formalities completed, the minors' matters happily settled, and the documents safe, we began to possess our good possessions. But in all this buying we walked softly.

One evening—it was December 23, 1913—we went up to the tree that then bordered our dominion, and considered the question of refusing or accepting an offer that had just come from two sets of owners, who till then had been unwilling to sell. And we prayed, standing under the tree, for wisdom and guidance, and then (for we could not help fearing these expenditures, and wanted to be very sure indeed) for a Sign by the mail, due next day. The sum required as an advance to secure the land was Rs. 450.

That Christmas Eve mail brought Rs.500 from one whose name was till that day unknown. All through that month gifts had been very small. This gift stood out distinctly as apart from all others and, coming on that day so close upon our prayer under the tree, carried a sense of conviction to us which quieted our fears. 'Great cheer' was the entry in our note book that day, and the Christmas festival over, on December 26, the first advance payment for that land was given, Rs. 450. Thus we continued, buying as we could, for ten years and five months. The first payment of Rs. 50 was made on April 1, 1904, the last of Rs. 1,217.4.0 on September 8, 1914. And I never understood the story of the buying of the field at Anathoth as I did at the moment I handed the last cheque to Little Brother (a tall and otherwise huge landowner of that name) who, after years of refusal, consented to sell it just before the war made such buying feel most impossible. 'And Thou hast said unto me, O Lord God, Buy thee the field for money.' For truly it had been little less than that.

One day, long before there was the least need of it (before even in dreams I had passed the limit of the new mud wall, thrown round what had seemed a purchase sufficient to last for years, for ever indeed), as I stood on the nearly completed last new nursery-verandah which commanded a view of a fair field beyond, reaching in fact right up to a village on the north, the word came as clearly as ever I had known it, 'Ask for that piece of land.'

'But, Lord, we do not want it.' And again the word came, 'Ask.'

I had never asked for an unwanted thing and was puzzled. I recalled the first time it had been shown that [1 John 5:14-15](#) was not a word to be whittled away till it ended in practically nothing, but literally and limitlessly true. Standing there on that unfinished verandah I traversed the long road between that day and this, and could not recall one instance when an undesired thing was asked. But there was no escape from that strange urging as of another will than mine; so I asked for the field, adding though, I remember, 'But have we not enough?'

This was the field whose purchase was completed during the trouble and uncertainty of those early days of war.

For in the most direct way gifts had come that paid for it. One from South Africa from an unknown friend; one from another who said, 'Write no name in your Gift book, only write "His hand,"' and obeying I so entered it, and now cannot remember the name. Do the angels keep a roll of the names of the Lord's anonymous givers? There are many anonymous angels, perhaps they have charge of that roll. Then came another large gift from one who felt sure, though I did not then, that there were plans for extension in His mind for us. And so I knew that this was the word of the Lord. And I bought the field, subscribed the evidence, and sealed it according to the customs of the land, and it became ours. And Anathoth means *Answers*.

Was ever name more fitting? Answered are the questions about the need to have it. It is all used. Answered too the wonder about the means to buy it. All the money spent on it was special and apart. And answered the question about why, so previously, I had been directed to ask. Close upon that time people round us sank wells and began to cultivate. Our being here, we were told, made them feel safe. Right round that field these field-gardens rose, but never one encroached on it. Once wells are sunk land becomes much more valuable. Had even one crossed the limit set by that strangely commanded prayer others would have worked their way in, paying for little plots of it almost as much as we paid for the whole. Now our wall is bounded by these outer cultivations, green fringes for the pleasant place that is our Anathoth.

Nor Scrip—6. Court Fees

There was a time when we had to fight battles in the Court, to save a child from the power of a mother so wicked that after bearing with her for years her village, not too particular where such things are concerned, had burnt her house down and turned her out.

We lost our case however (in the District Court), and the Judge decreed that we were to pay costs all round.

Three weeks before the bill was sent in, a man in London, manager of a well-known business house, was wakened and caused to understand that he was to send a cheque to us next day. He was also caused to pray for us very earnestly, and having committed us, with full assurance that help and comfort had reached us, he slept again.

Next morning when he went to the City he was reminded of that word that had come to him in the night. 'My days were an awful rush and once in the vortex it was almost impossible to stop. Immediately I got to my room, before taking off my hat and top coat or even putting my umbrella in the stand, I pressed the bell for the chief cashier and another for my typist. They arrived almost together and I said, "Let me know what is in hand for Dohnavur and bring the cheque book with you." While he was gone I dictated the letter to you, which was something to the effect that it had been laid on my heart to send a cheque for what was in hand, and that I had been concerned and had been praying, and was now at rest. Your reply which came in about six weeks told that the case had been decided against you, and that you had to pay costs on both sides, and that the cheque was the exact sum, to the rupee, to pay the bill of costs.' I was not free then to tell the greater comfort of the hour—it was that just as that man prayed, help came, the Courts of Heaven reversed the order of the Courts of earth and the child was saved.

That battle story is an old tale now. The letter copied here came only the other day, something had recalled it to the writer's mind and he told me for the first

time what I have now set down. A coincidence? Perhaps so, but by whose ordering? Of what nature? And how very good to experience. Would that all the Lord's people had such coincidences upon every difficult day of life. Truly, as the mother of two whom we hope to welcome soon writes in a recent letter, 'Is there anything more helpful than just to find out what more He can do?'

Nor Scrip—7. Jacob's Ladder

There are many such in our records. There was seldom time to write them down, but a cutting from a home magazine, with a date or two and a note, makes yesterday as today, clean-edged in every little fine-carven memory.

After some six years of search for and the gathering in of children, it became clear that they must somehow be taught, and, nurseries being unsuitable for school-rooms as a permanence, that meant a school-house must be planned and begun as soon as possible.

We had not thought of anything large, but as we pondered the matter 'as it were the appearance' of something large was shown. Our way where buildings are concerned is to ask for a pattern. At that time we did not think of any other way, hardly knew, indeed, there was another way, for we are far out in the country here, and by sheer force of circumstances do sometimes what must seem rather audacious things. Years after our school was built a friend, in telling us of building tribulations, told us the price paid for plans such as could be submitted to Government, and it did seem very wonderful that this expense had been saved, for we knew nothing whatever about building, and might so easily have made mistakes. I can only gratefully believe that, the Perfect-in-Knowledge directing, we were saved from such mistakes, and guided into wise ways by His great kindness.

Now the perplexing thing in this case was that the pattern that seemed to be shown was much too large for our requirements. We had enough money, a special gift, for a building framed on a smaller pattern. Why then the larger, costlier plan? But it was drawn, and considered, and on January 17, 1910, the estimate was made. It far passed the limits of that gift.

We were, puzzled, just as we had been about being caused to ask for the unwanted land. We did not want more than was required. The children come slowly. They are never saved in shoals. Should we ever have a number large enough to use profitably such a building? Also, if our whole thought in educating

them is only that they may be winners of souls, would not the least costly of buildings suffice? Why this so costly pattern? Not that it was extravagant. It would not have passed Government requirements. It was quite a simple building, though it seemed a great adventure to us.

In India the custom is for mission schools to be under Government. Plans are submitted, and if passed half the cost is borne by Government. Sometimes when we read statements about costs (for example, 'for so Much a year you can have a child') we wonder for a moment why no such sum, with us at least, would honestly cover expenses, forgetting that such items as buildings are not counted into that alluringly small sum. But our Father never forgets, so it does not much matter that we do.

These thoughts, however, did not trouble us on that day, January 17, 1910, when the plan that was to supply the need of the then unimagined future, lay before us sketched on a piece of paper in red lines and blue. 'And look that thou make them after the pattern that was showed thee on the mount,' was the only thought in mind. And I well remember the questions which led at last to the definite request, 'Show me a token for good that we may know what to do.'

There was much else to think of then, for the time was full of distress, and the great toil of the Court case was just beginning. There was little leisure therefore for thought about such things as buildings. Flesh and spirit were spent out to the uttermost, and except when something recalled that prayer of January 17, it fell out of mind. But on the 20th of that same month, what we then and ever since have regarded as a three-fold token for good was given.

The 20th was our mail day. In the *Life of Faith* we found a gift unusually large, £31 11s. 6d. from ten givers. A money order for £5 came from the father of one who had just offered to us, 'A thank-offering for great joy.' And the C.I.M. book, *Faith and Facts*, was sent to us.

So rich a gift coming immediately upon our prayer, so loving a gift from a father who was already giving so much ('Shall He not with Him also freely give?' was a word opened then), so inspiring a gift as this book which swung faith and

expectation high, for God is not the God of China only, He is the God of India too- these three tokens for good together had a voice that could not be mistaken. I remember taking the paper down to the place where our school was to be, and looking again at the initials of the nine givers. (The name the tenth chose was 'the truth of God.')

And I flew across the sea to them in thought and asked God to thank them.

We took it then as settled that the larger plan was of the Lord's counsel and that therefore what was required for it would come. The masons agreed to work on these somewhat novel lines. They were to go on and build exactly as the money came, and to that limit only. Much wondering, they began. What we had in hand was enough for the foundations.

In February a letter came from a new friend. It was dated January 17, the day we had waited upon our God about the pattern. It told of £100 on its way to us. We took that letter to the masons and translated it. Who that has had such a happy thing to do will ever forget the doing of it? We had told these men that our God heard prayer. They knew all about the prayer of January 17. Here was that very date on the letter. And we looked to see them kneel before Him, convinced that in very truth He is the God of gods. But we had to wait for that. Caste bound them hand and foot. Not till he had wandered far from the Lover of souls did the chief of that little group 'fall at His lotus feet' saying as he passed into the life beyond, 'Not Siva now, not Siva and Jesus. It is Jesus the Lord only.' We stood with the men awhile, and there under the clear sky among the heaps of building stuff we worshipped. And turning, we would not have been surprised had we seen Him under the trees, as we passed into their cool shadow on our way back to the house.

And lo, Christ walking on the water,
Not of Gennesaret, but Thames.

Blessed be the truth in such words.

Steadily on from that time forth gifts, over and above supplies for other needs, came to us for the building, for they were so marked that we were free to use

them as required. Not one of these special givers knew anything of what we were doing. They were not in touch with us in any way and the gifts (as indeed all ours are, for we count nothing as a subscription) were among those delightful mercies whose pleasure is doubled by the element of surprise. Do not little children love surprises? And what are we after all but our Father's little children?

So the building was finished. In it is a large room which holds all our present family; in it we celebrate our festivals and our joyous Sunday worship, that half-hour's Adoration which colours all the week. And among the words written up in it is this, chosen by the child for whom the Court battle was fought and by God's grace won, 'I will bless the Lord who has given me counsel.' Counsel in plan; as we have long ago proved, our thought would have been all wrong. Counsel in prayer; for we know not what we should pray for as we ought. 'His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor...the everlasting Father.' 'Your Father knoweth what things ye have need of before ye ask Him,' yes, and before we even know them ourselves.

Those who possess a microscope know how, in examining into any minute work of the Lord, detail opens into detail as a higher and higher power is used. And so it seems to us it is with these accounts. For example that first gift opens as we look into it. It came through the generous comradeship of a member of the brave little Ceylon and Indian General Mission, who in taking meetings for his own mission in Australia, spoke of us. Then one whose life is given to the interests of a keen mission there, was moved to send the sum which started what we look upon as our training ground for evangelists. Could any gift be more fragrant, more steeped in the spirit of the Master?

But time would fail to look into these matters. Perhaps the angels see them spread like pictures before them, and looking, laugh for joy. Only let us end by noting that single date, January 17, 1910. In India, prayer for guidance and for the money needed to follow it. In England, prayer for direction about the giving of a gift. Thus shines

The traffic of Jacob's ladder,
Pitched between Heaven and Charing Cross.

There is no ancient, no modern, where the things of the Lord are concerned.

Nor Scrip—8. As We Have Heard, So Have We Seen

Do doors of sorrow and of loss always lead into wealthy places? He who is known as Walker of Tinnevelly was taken from us in August 1912.

He had been a splendid friend. When first the children's work began he was at home, and his letters were doubtful, for he had never been in that which I have called the Underworld, and could not measure its need. But when, upon his return, he set himself to discover the true state of things, and knew them to be indeed a call, his attitude changed and he stood by us and was shelter from the smile that somehow was harder to bear than the scourge of the tongue. 'A faithful friend is a strong defence, and he that hath found such a one hath found a treasure.' Never were truer words.

Now he was suddenly taken from us. We had to learn to do without.

That month of August was full of trials of many kinds. A child died in painful circumstances. Very little money came in. Difficulties arose about a strip of land, just then purchased. Perplexing, wounding things happened, one after the other, and the many enemies of the work who till then had lain quiet, fearing our defender who was known as a strong brave man, seemed to spring out of the ground, and they compassed us about like bees.

One Sunday a registered letter came. It was a lawyer's letter dictated by a man who, after years of disappearance from the district, had unexpectedly reappeared; he claimed that a fraction of the soil we had bought was his, and demanded it back.

His relatives had sold it to us, believing his absence had given them the right to it, and we had never heard his name mentioned during the prolonged negotiation for that particular strip. It lay close to the bungalow, and was already being built

upon, the nursery was half way up. Now the letter demanded the pulling down of what was built, 'Immediately,' otherwise the owner would take the matter to Court.

The air of Courts is the breath of life to a certain section of the Indian public. We had just been through two years of Court troubles (culminating in an acute six months for whose fees our Father sent us the cheque from London), and we had urgent reasons for not wanting to be plunged into this distress again. There was not only the land, there was the matter of the children's safety. One case leads to another. In work like this many a risk has to be run if anything vital is to be done. We earnestly prayed therefore to be delivered from any more going to Court.

Perhaps all this will seem small to the brave women of the present day; but we are not brave, and we never had before been without the help of a strong man's hand. India is not a chivalrous land. There were moments when we felt very weak and very terribly alone. And the gift book that month showed an unaccountable fall-Rs. 234 (£15 12s.) instead of about Rs. 1,000 (£66), which was our average expenditure then. Another Court case would fly off with rupees; for the formal Court fees were of course the least part of the expense. Altogether it was a difficult time, and personal sorrow in parting from our friend seemed the merest nothing in comparison with new care for the children's sake, and the sense of the loss his absence must mean to them.

'In your temptations run to the promises; they be our Lord's branches hanging over the water that our Lord's silly half-drowned children may take a grip of them.' 'I will in no wise fail thee, nor will I in any wise forsake thee. The idea of *fail* is that of losing hold, so as to withdraw the support rendered by the sustaining grasp: that of *forsake*, of deserting or leaving alone in the field of contest, or in a position of suffering.' Westcott's note on the promise opened it then, and we entered into a new room of quietness in the midst of strife.

Weeks passed, and no more lawyers' letters came. We went on with the building of the room to be called Faith. And from that day to this we have never heard a single word of or from that threatener of our peace.

And the money? This is the statement of Gifts and Expenditure for the year, given in pounds for the convenience of readers at home:

£ s. d.

Gifts 1,050 5 3 ½

Expenditure 787 16 8

'Baskets'* 262 8 7 ½

* See Chapter IX.

Among the vitalized words of that time we all remember this: '*As we have heard, so have we seen,*' and indeed all the words of that Psalm of deliverance, the forty-eighth, which was the Psalm we were reading together on the Sunday when that letter came, threatening us with such hosts of troubles. 'God blew upon them, and they were scattered.'

Nor Scrip—9. The Baskets

One day after an earlier time like that just described, when what was almost anxiety was turned into comfort, I thought of dear younger ones who had been given as fellow-workers, and the fear came, What if suddenly this burden is laid upon them? None of them have had previous experience in this particular way of the Lord, which prepares the soul for its peculiar disciplines. What if quite suddenly they are left to face a situation for which they are not responsible, before they have had time to learn how to walk by faith? If we are fed as it were from meal to meal, and something intercepts the coming of the next meal, and they are alone?

Perhaps it was a faithless thought; but we have a tender Master. He did not rebuke, but took me to the same chapter and the same story which had spoken to my soul when first the work began.

'Philip answered Him, Two hundred pennyworth of bread is not sufficient for them, that every one of them *may take a little*.

'...And Jesus took the loaves; and when He had given thanks, He distributed to the disciples, and the disciples to them that were set down; and likewise of the fishes, *as much as they would*.

'When they were filled, He said to His disciples,

Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost.

'Therefore they gathered together and filled twelve baskets with the fragments of the five barley loaves, *which remained over and above unto them* that had eaten.'

And, as I believed, the promise was given to me then that there should be baskets over and above our daily supplies, and that, just as those men and women and their children were free to use the pieces of the loaves over from that great meal, if they needed them before they reached home, so we should be free to use ours, should need arise before we too reached Home, we and our children.

It reads simply. It felt simple as it was shown to me and, entirely at rest, I left the matter, sure that should my journey Home be shorter than theirs, there would be no embarrassment, even for the little interval which might have to elapse before the disciples scattered all over the earth had time to realize that everything would go on as before, if only they did their loving part and distributed that which was given them for us, even as they had done with such kind hands over and over again.

And here, to make this matter quite plain, I must go back still further. When the work began our needs were very small, £212 cleared the first year. We never had paid workers, each who joined us worked as child with mother, a way that peculiarly appeals to the Indian mind and also, as we afterwards discovered to our thankfulness, effectually excludes all who would offer for any reason other than the constraining love of the Lord. We did most earnestly want only such. Their needs were met from the common fund. If they had anything of this world's goods, without my knowing it they slipped it into the common stock. Thus there were no charges such as easily might have been, and indeed no money could have bought what was offered, and is offered, by this company of Indian women, and the true comrade who is husband of one of them.

It had been taken for granted as something that did not need words to explain it, that we should not ask man for help, but only God. We had found it enough before. When, later on, other ways were pressed upon us by some who in their kindness thought ours too unpractical, we could only feel about them as David felt about the helmet and the coat of mail, 'I cannot go with these; for I have not proved them.' This ground of most simple dependence was the only ground we knew, and we could not have moved off it except at His word.

Then, too, we did not want to touch any money except what He meant us to use. The spending of money is a great responsibility. We did not wish to incur that responsibility unless He so commanded. *Only so could we be sure of His guidance, and be fortified against the peril of building up what might show well on earth, but be of no value whatever to the Kingdom of Heaven.* Also we did not want to divert anything from others. For this and other reasons we had no supported

children as such, we offered no attractions, such as naturally incline the heart of the kindly to give. We did honestly seek not to attract, but only to draw by prayer to God those supplies He saw good to entrust to us.

But even so, year by year there was a little balance, the floating balance which carries across from the old year to the new, and is required of course till the new supplies come in. At the end of the year, if we were able, we put the floating balance of the previous year aside, and thought of it as Baskets, the baskets over and above, as the story of the Great Meal puts it. Between January 1904 and January 1914, the Baskets of fragments thus gathered expressed in rupees were Rs. 11,101.8.8 (£740 2s. 0¾d.).

'Whether is it easier to say, Thy sins be forgiven thee, or to say, Arise and walk?' I can still remember the puzzle of this question. It seemed so obvious that it was easier to say, 'Thy sins be forgiven thee,' for no one could immediately see whether they were or not, but the effect of the other word lay open at once. And yet our Lord evidently expected a different reply.

And years after the true answer to the question was understood, the childish thought returned in a new form. Spiritual blessings and 'answers to prayer' may possibly be imagined, at any rate it may be for some time uncertain whether they really are or are only imagined to be. But there is no room for imagination where the figures in an account book are concerned. Nor do bank pass books encourage that faculty. Flowery feelings don't count there. Either the prayed-for money is, or it is not. There is no room for uncertainty.

But how eternally true the truth implicit in our Lord's quiet question. These records touch only the edges of His ways.

Nor Scrip—10. The Twelve Nurseries and the Baskets

By 1913 we had very much felt our need of more nurseries. An epidemic of whooping-cough, another of measles (worse here than smallpox), smallpox twice, fever often, dysentery sometimes, had taught us the need of a children's hospital and isolation room. We are surrounded by an insanitary neighbourhood; there is no sanitation whatever in rural India. However clean we might be inside, close round about us on three sides was unabashed uncleanness, we could not always be well. So we began to ask for small nurseries, which would set the larger rooms already built free for these purposes.

But we had to wait as we were not clear that we could go on, for unexpected expenses on behalf of our dear Ponnamal, now stricken by cancer, were upon us, and just at this time something occurred to test to the bottom layer those thoughts and decisions which till now we had held unquestioned. Two friends came to spend a day with us. They asked us if we were in need of help.

I shall not soon forget the quick response to my quick question, 'May I tell them, Lord?' The answer did not come back so much in words as in an assurance that He knew, and that was enough. So they went away without knowing anything.

Then full upon us blew a hot blast of temptation over this. How foolish not to tell. It was not as though they had not asked. But peace returned. He with whom alone we had to do, He knew, He understood.

A few months later the war burst upon the world.

Who does not remember that day of shock when the first headlines appeared in the paper? Who, alone among the heathen in any land with not a white man within a day's journey, does not remember the sense of bewilderment as the people of the country, becoming by a thousand devious means aware of trouble, pressed round asking for explanations? To explain politics is a man's business; we were women alone. The people in whose midst we are set immediately prophesied two things so far as we were concerned: supplies coming, as they

knew they came, from heaven alone, would stop (they seemed to think heaven would have enough to look after without this small corner of India as an extra), and they would see our wall fall flat. They had already seen one fall as will be told hereafter, and we were then slowly rebuilding, but this second falling was to be more extensive. It would include the nurseries. In brief, it meant the work, invisibly and supernaturally sustained thus far, could not possibly survive this new condition of things. 'You have not "the mission," what will you do?' some asked in real concern. 'We have God,' we said, 'wars in the world make no difference to God.' But they looked at us with faces all wrinkled and puckered. God is, doubtless is; every Eastern admits that. But this way of counting on Him, was it safe? 'You will see that it is safe,' we said.

One evening a large company of Muhammadans came to look at the illustrated papers, and hear about the war. They were accurately informed about some matters and much at sea about others, and we had a splendid time with them. They, too, could not imagine how we were going to carry on, and we could not help feeling we had a chance the very angels would rejoice in, to show forth the loving-kindness and faithfulness of the Lord.

At first very little money came. We read the figures and look back at the months, and wonder at the power that kept us in peace.

We had, however, gifts for new nurseries. The first was the birthday gift of the little first daughter of those two friends to whom no word of the desires of our hearts had been spoken. 'You told us nothing,' wrote her mother, 'but it has been laid upon us to send you this; so we know you will take it from the Lord.' We did indeed. And guided, as we believed, surely, we had promised the workmen to go on, so that they had engaged themselves to us and thus lost other work. But though we had this and soon other money for building, enough did not come in apart from such gifts for the ordinary needs of the work. And yet we could not feel it would be honouring to our God to go back on our word with the workmen and seem to confirm the saying of the heathen, who watched to see what was going to happen. 'Lead me in a plain path because of those which observe me' is a

word for such times. So we told the men we would go on, and we watched for an increase in the gifts. This did not come.

In September, £57 1s. 11d.; in October, £32 18s.; in November, £57 10s. 5d.; in all, £147 10s. 4d. as compared with £566 12s. 5½d. in the three previous months, was perplexing enough to cast us upon our God.

Then-will the reader wonder?-in all sorts of insidious ways, the thought of those friends returned. Perhaps He had sent them before this happened on purpose to smooth our way, and we had mistaken His kindness and presumptuously refused it. That was one of the little lashing thoughts of the time. But again and again comfort came and there was not the sense of having grieved Him. So we took it that this was a needless distress and ceased to look back on our guidance (always a vain folly), and drew from the Baskets.

Rs. 4,143.9.8 (£276 4s. 9¾d.) we drew that year, a very large sum for six months in proportion to the whole amount, but over twenty-two thousand miles were covered that year in trains alone, and there were many long slow bullock-cart journeys too, in search of children in danger, and in connection with their deliverance. And over all that region Gospels were scattered, and in some places at least a true witness was borne, so that apart from the saving of children, something, we trust, was done that will bear fruit in the end.

To me personally, it was not at first an easy thing to draw from the Baskets, for I had thought of them as provision for what might be for a little while a difficult time when I was not here to help. I had wanted to make it easier. But what foolishness it was, as if the only One who mattered would be away too. And so this fear very soon lost its power and we went on happy and care-free. How could there be fear or care once it was made plain to us that what we were doing was not foolhardiness, but just faith in the word of the Lord?

And yet I well remember how careful we had to be about such matters as reading and talk. (Not that there is not always need of care if the Spirit is to be ungrieved, but that this need was emphasized for us then.) For a book or a newspaper article written from the world's point of view, or talk along these lines, had a curiously

troubling effect, and so had 'religious' reading of the nerveless sort, common enough everywhere. It was as if such had nothing in it for the nourishment of the kind of faith required for this particular way of the Lord. But to read strength was to be strengthened. Science, that makes God's thoughts visible to men, all forms of noble biography and poetry, converse with those who do business in great waters and see, and expect to see, the works of the Lord and His wonders in the deep, above all, to breathe the atmosphere of the Book of books itself, was life and joy and confidence. Fed thus, the fibres of faith were nourished with food convenient.

So we went on, keeping our contracts, using the money sent for nurseries for that purpose only, and with the other gifts continued our search for children in danger, and supplied the needs of the work, supplementing them once and again from the Baskets provided beforehand. Living upon our balance is doubtless the accountant's way of putting it, but we prefer our way, which after all is quite as true as his. And no one, workman or child, had ever the shadow of a cause to feel forgotten of the Father.

Once a crowd of people came round the one who was buying milk.

'We hear there is not enough money coming to buy food.' (A good deal of what comes is known to the village as it passes through the village post-office, so they knew there was very little.)

'Of that I have heard nothing,' was the Indian woman's answer, 'only I know all the milk that is required is still being bought and paid for, as you yourselves are witnesses. And I have not heard of any child being unfed.'

So the people went away saying, 'Their God feeds them.' Later they came again, and this time with fresh stories of what was going to happen in Europe. It was the time of the submarine trouble, and the bazaars were full of whispers. Two mails had been lost and more might be. 'And what will you do then?' We told them in plain words that we believed if need arose the crows would fly to us with food or the ground would be white with rice-cakes in the morning. 'When the mail stops coming, come in and see it,' we told them. And they wondered and went away.

When the war ended not a workman or a coolie had been kept waiting a day for his pay, not a child had ever hungered, all twelve nurseries which had been our dream in 1913 were built and filled, a wall nearly a mile long was built, the Forest place was found and bought, and a house was built up there. And we still had in the Baskets, as a later page will show, Rs. 2,164.3.0 or £144 5s. 7d.

Thus, to revert to an older story, we poured from our pot of oil, and as we poured, more came to pour, according to the custom of the Lord.

Nor Scrip—11. The Letter Written by the Fireside

In a searching and illuminating note on St. [John 15:7-8](#), Westcott says that the prayer there considered is only some transformed fragment of our Lord's teaching, and he speaks of the coincidence of the will of the one who prays with the will of his Master, and shows how the result of such prayer ('It shall be done,' more literally, 'It shall come to pass for you') is not due to any external or arbitrary power but to the action of a law of life. And upon the word 'Herein' he says, 'The end which God regards in answering prayer is that we may bear much fruit.'

In telling of, prayer and of answer in India, it is more and more borne upon one that this is only half the story. The other part will be told by and by, when the wonderful intertwined 'all things' of our Father's providence are opened to us, and we see, as words could not show, how they worked together for good, the listening ear thousands of miles away and the obedient loving heart responding to indications of that will which it is life to recognize and serve. But sometimes, just as if to give us a foretaste of the happiness awaiting us at the end of the day, little glimpses are given into the working of the law that lies behind answered prayer.

In January 1915 enough came to us to cover all expenses connected with the salvation of children.

In February very little came. We had to draw again from the Baskets. This was never a light thing with us, though, as I have said, we were kept from care about it. The cares of the year were enough for the year. In the early months two of our best workers failed and had to be sent to the sanatorium, where one of them remained for over a year; later a third had to go. These girls had been brought up in unhealthy surroundings and were tubercular. They had been called to us in unusual ways, and were specially precious because of their entire devotion to the work. Costly journeys and various other expenses were now added to the already large amount required to keep all running smoothly. Above all, speaking spiritually, it was our hardest, saddest year. Never, except in 1919 when once

more that grief of all griefs, spiritual defeat in the battle for a soul, had to be endured, had such sadness of anxiety been appointed. And the Lord who knows what care about money can be at such times, did not in this first experience of that grief allow it to approach us.

On February 24, He drew near to one who sat by the fire in a little house in England. It was 'well past bed-time, after a long and busy evening' and He caused it (I quote her words) 'suddenly to occur to me' to write. So she wrote:

'We have been doing up our accounts for our publishing business and find a nice profit which we want to give away at once. We are going to send you £150 of this money, possibly you may need it for running expenses since the war will have made a difference to you.' Thus for that month we were happily defended from that last trial, and set free to fight our Lord's battles without distraction, so far as the expenses of the battle were concerned. And where other troubles not so lightened were concerned, these words, written four hundred years ago, came to us as if fresh washed with the tears of yesterday: 'I welcome this furnace, Christ's wisdom made choice of it for me, and it must be best because it was His choice. It is my aim and hearty desire that my furnace which is of the Lord's kindling may sparkle fire upon standers-by to the warming of their hearts of His love. Why should I start at the plough of my Lord, that maketh deep furrows on my soul? I know that He is no idle husbandman. He purposeth a crop.'

But this little book is not meant to deal with such experiences, but rather with the single and separate fact of the coming of provision in answer to prayer. That year closed with what looked to us as little short of a miracle, like the multiplying of the loaves again. We were able to return to the Baskets all we had taken out in the previous year, and add Rs. 1,977.12.0 or £131 17s. So that we took out £276 4s. 9¼d. and put back £408 1s. 9¼d.

'He saith unto Philip, Whence shall we buy bread that these may eat?

'And this He said to prove him; for He Himself knew what He would do.'

How often during the three years yet to come we recalled those words. He to whom the War was known before ever it began, He who marked the path of the

submarine in the great waters, knew what would reach us and what would fail, and when it failed, knew Himself what He would do. The Baskets were never once emptied. As the writer of that fireside letter wrote five years later, when the trial of our faith was much sharper, 'Real faith believes not only that God *can*, but that He *will*.' Yes *will*, if only we are sure that there is coincidence of the will of the one who prays with the blessed will of his Master, and that the only end regarded with us, as with our God, is the bearing of much fruit. But who could write such words without turning them into prayer? 'Try me, O God, and seek the ground of my heart: prove me and examine my thoughts. Look well if there be any way of wickedness in me: and lead me in the way everlasting.'

Nor Scrip—12. The Wall

But the building of the twelve nurseries, the care of the children already saved, the search for and the saving of others, the teaching of enquirers and their preparation for baptism, the caring for Indian guests, and what little medical work there was strength for, besides the evangelistic work which is very part of life-the provision required for all this did not exhaust the goodness of the Lord to us during those years of war. Nor did the gift of the Forest and Forest House to be told of later. There was that large need (the wall) and its supply. And as more than any other it impressed the Hindus round about us, we tell it now.

On the night of December 16, 1913, after solid sheets of rain, the deep rumble of crashing masonry awoke us, and the eight foot high wall with its weather-proof coping half a foot higher was flat. It was the story of Jericho, only unhappily reversed, and we gazed in consternation at the immense length of sloppy rubbish, every foot of which would have to be scooped up and carried off by a battalion of coolies. And that wall was built of sun-dried bricks and had cost what felt to us like a fortune, Rs. 3,080 or about £205, money which had come as all the other had come in direct answer to prayer, and so had been rejoiced over equally in its coming and in its spending.

The wall was a necessity. More than once suspicious people had been found in the compound at night. For our business is not with the unwanted children. The whole point and force of the work is that it touches those who are very much wanted. 'I will give you three hundred rupees for her,' said a Temple woman to a worker of ours who was bringing a tiny child to us by train. 'See, I will pay it down this moment.' Notes to the value of a thousand rupees have been offered for another. 'Pile the gold on the floor to her chin, but I will not give you the child,' had been said to me by a famous Temple woman living within six miles of Dohnavur about a little girl we had tried to save. (Not that I had suggested piling gold on the floor, but the word shows the fact). Yes, that wall was a need and so had been supplied, and there it lay, within six weeks of its completion, a mass of miserable rubble.

'Let not your heart be troubled. Ye believe in God, believe also in Me. Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing I And one of them shall not fall to the ground without your Father.' How soothing is the cadence of familiar words. Would not our Father who regarded the falling of a bird regard the falling of the wall? Then, like the clear notes of a song: 'The Lord is able to give you much more than this.' *This* meant just then that tangible thing, a wall of sun-dried bricks that had cost £205.

Then we counted our mercies. The floods of that night had demolished bridges and swept many a costlier fabric than our wall like straws upon its stream. Many lives had been lost that night. Not one of our little ones had perished.

One night while the wall was still flat, a tiger, finding the forest too hopelessly wet, strayed down and marched in upon us. Our children were asleep on their verandahs. The cows upon whose milk the lives of the babies depended were in open sheds. The tiger walked past them all, repassed them, not touching anything, and went out as he had come in. We traced his spoor with feelings of mingled excitement and awe. He was shot next day, and we could not help being relieved, though we could not possibly be glad.

But tigers from the forest were as nothing to the greater perils our unprotected state invited. And yet we knew we were not unprotected. There was the wall of fire.

All through the remaining days of December we watched, wondering what our God would do. A family like ours with its many requirements easily convertible into cash, to lie on the open waste, undefended and undefendable (so far as the sight of man went) was a tempting thing, too tempting our Robber clan people felt. We pay a kind of blackmail to them according to the custom of the country, and they engage to protect us to the best of their ability. At any rate they see to it that none of their clan molest us. But they were not happy about us, and after a few patient weeks said so. We told them about the wall of fire, but they wanted something they could see. There were, as I said, far more serious anxieties than mere properties to be cared for. Apart from the matter of the very little children, India is not the safest place in the world for girls living, not in a shut-up

institution, but in cottages too small to allow of sleeping indoors in heat. Meanwhile the heaps of mud bricks, now a mass of mud, blocked the outlets of the compound, and had to be dug through to let the water out. And the Hindus looked on. On January 22, 1915, the first large gift for a new wall came, £125. £40 of this was marked for it, and all was to be used if required. It was indeed required and we used it all.

In April, on the 28th, came the next ear-marked gift, Rs. 750 or £50, and from that time on the money came steadily, ear-marked 'for the new wall.' It was most wonderful to watch it coming, the gifts for the nurseries never mixed with it, each gift was marked by the giver, so that we had no doubt but went steadily on, till He who had said 'much more than this' (the mud-brick wall) did as He had said, and a wall, not of sun-dried brick but of burnt brick on stone foundations, was finished.

It had its difficulties. Misled by a too confiding recommendation, we found ourselves in the hands of an unscrupulous mason who changed his prices whenever a new advance had to be given. Our part of India insists on the pernicious habit of advances (unless one is able to pay a contractor to take all off one's shoulders), so this came to mean that we soon were in his power. He could threaten to stop the work at any moment, and did.

We tried to get at his conscience, but he did not appear to have any. He knew our only way was an appeal to the Courts, and this, as of course he also knew, was the last thing we wanted to do. So he played his cards accordingly. Then came a new loving-kindness of the Lord. As we waited upon Him for help, a strong good man from the Public Works Department called upon one of us who was a friend of his. We said nothing of our distress but, noticing the wall in building, he offered to have a look at it. He looked and then, 'Can I help you in any way?' was the question that ended our troubles. He sent his sub-engineer to pay flying visits and overawe the builder. We were kept out of the Courts, delivered from our fears, and enabled to get the wall completed in peace. It took nineteen months to build, and cost £480. It is not a vain thing to trust the Lord.

But even this does not complete the story of the wall. The P.W.D. man, sent to our help by our English friend, was a Hindu, and we had many talks about the

things of God. At the end of the work, when we wanted to pay him for his trouble, he refused to touch an anna, 'No, I do not want it; only pray to your God for me.' He became and continues to be our steadfast friend, always ready to help us if he can, though he knows that the one prayer of our hearts concerning him, towards which all our intercourse with him is bent, is that he may become a living stone in the spiritual house.

The soul of the East is never wholly submerged in mud. One day lately, a man whose life is given to the material was discussing these matters with us-the visible answers to prayer with which this place abounds. We were standing outside the children's part of the compound at the time, and I had been telling him of a new hope we have for reaching further afield, and showing more clearly than has yet been possible how loving the Lord is.

'It will cost much money,' he said slowly, 'but that does not make any difference to you. We shall see you do it.'

'But why?' I asked, surprised at his way of looking at things, and wondering for a moment if he thought we were sailing on seas of gold (we very much are not). 'Why would it not make any difference to us?'

And this world-absorbed man answered, 'Is it not known in all the country round that your God hears prayer?' And he pointed to the walls, built as it were of prayer-wrought bricks, and continued almost in the words of the psalm, 'Among the gods there is not one like unto God, the Doer, there is not one that can do as He does.'

Nor Scrip—13. Weeding, and the Major's Cheque

'God has so arranged the chronometry of our spirits that there shall be thousands of silent moments between the striking hours'; so said a thoughtful woman of that thoughtful generation that has lately passed. In looking over records of any period of time, one is apt to pass the silent minutes and tell of the striking hours. It must be so, perhaps, but for truth's sake let the minutes be remembered. Life is not always ringing its peal of bells.

There were, towards the close of 1912, and all through 1913, thousands of minutes that came to be lived through under the steady pressure of difficulties that seemed as if they would never yield. Mabel Wade, our one trained nurse, my most dear friend, was on furlough. (When news came of her expected return we were at the sea with the children, and the colours of the sea sang for joy with us that day.) It was the time of distress, and the up and down of hopes and fears about Ponnamal; and then a deadly fever broke out in a town three miles away and spread like wildfire, flickering across empty spaces as if it fed on air, and finally reaching us.

It was a burning fever, temperatures of 106° were common, and dozens of the children were down at once. By the end of 1914 we were clear and it died down, to revive again and perplex our plans for the children's education. Finally, it departed, and, much relieved, the school pulled itself together again and got to work.

But then came the War, and interruptions caused by the children being needed to help in various ways and save coolie, and one of these interruptions led to such a happy and good hour that it cannot be omitted in this book of finance.

Part of the land called Anathoth had been fenced off for crops; and rape seed, from which oil is expressed, was to be sown. But the field had first to be weeded. The children had been so often interrupted, and their lessons therefore were in such serious arrears, that we did not want to call them off again; but, as all the fields round about needed weeders, double pay was asked by coolies, and very

little money was coming in at the time, so we had no coolies. Instead, the children were called.

They departed gaily, each blithe little maid in her oldest blue rags. (Blue in those days kept blue to the very raggiest rags.) They were delighted, of course, to help, delighted too, like children all over the world, with any kind of change, and they sang rollicky songs about being jolly little coolie girls who were going to do five times as much as any village coolie (a promise faithfully kept), and set off for the field.

But the sun was very hot, and bending over the furrows very tiring, and after the second day they were sorely tempted to slacken. There was a *tamasha* going on in the village too, they could hear alluring noises in the distance, and they badly wanted to stop. But if the field could not be weeded it could not be sown, and the season would be lost; so they went on bravely. On the morning of the third day, after seeing them start, and watching for a while the little blue groups dotted about on the terra-cotta coloured earth in the clear morning light (did it look as pretty and as lovable a picture to the angels as to us?), we went away alone and asked that something large, a kind token for good, might come soon for their encouragement.

It was then November 5. The many lovers of these children had not forgotten them, and all the little gifts that came week by week were more to us than could be told in terms of this earth's values. Each was a bright particular cheer. But with the exception of one gift for the wall, all had been small since August, when on the 18th we were carried over that month's needs by £95 14s. from those faithful nameless givers of years, the readers of *The Christian*.

In war-time mails were irregular. One dropped upon us that morning. It brought us ten shillings-and news of £50 on its way to us.

Straight back to the field I went rejoicing. A call brought the children skurrying to the shade of a cactus hedge, where I stood and read them the story of it.

A new friend under the name Tranquillitie, so suitable to the moment, had sent it. Her brother had given his life in the War; and this was his money. He loved

children, and his sister thought he would like the children here to have a share in it.

Tamil is a language which lends itself to joy-words. There is a phrase which sets forth ear-joy, eye-joy, heart-joy. Nothing less was enough that day. Heartened and happy the children went back to their furrows.

After this we went home and sang a song of thanksgiving and praised the Lord in heaven: because it is good, because His mercy endureth for ever.

Nor Scrip—14. In Currency Notes

I have told in an earlier chapter how sometimes, just in the hour of need, the post brought us ready money to pay for something at that moment required. Twice during this period there were similar times of pressure, when it had been impossible to get money in time to meet certain payments, and we, sorely distressed by the sorrows of Ponnamal's illness and some private troubles of our own, had hardly leisure of mind to give to accounts. We turned to the Lord and told Him so, and asked Him to send money in cash instead of by cheque, to carry us over the difficulty.

Of course it should never have occurred. There were the Baskets to draw from. But they were out of reach for the moment, and as I have told, I had not been watching the cash box. But do not such matters make as it were a platform for His kindness? Not extreme to mark what is done amiss, looking down on us His poor children with such wonderfully kind eyes, that is our Father. He knew we were tired and dazed with pain, the sore pain of watching pain, for Ponnamal was dying then, and He let us pray that prayer and write down even the hour of it. It was 5:30 a.m. of a day that was going to be (save for the comforts of love) a whole little cupful of grief.

At 8 a.m. that same morning a large blue bank, envelope registered and insured was handed to me. I opened it wonderingly. It contained three thousand rupees and-last detail of thoughtfulness-in small notes, exactly what was required for our payments (large notes being difficult to negotiate in this little country place). Such a sum, £200, had never before reached us in notes. Gifts touching hundreds were always sent by draft direct to the Bank of Madras, or by cheque to us.

Once again, and this time all the way from Russia, a gift in currency notes was paid into our hands; the giver, one of the Lord's hidden ones now, wrote that it seemed to her all Governments were doing the bidding of the Prince of this present world. We knew she had an intimate knowledge of what she was writing about, but little dreamed how swiftly in her own poor country those words would

be fearfully verified. We never knew if she received our letter of thanks, never knew till just lately whether she had lived or had been swept in that whirlwind of destruction safe out of reach of storms; and often we marvelled at the ways of the Lord, who can out of the very edge of such mighty events command help for this very little place in so far a corner of the earth.

Almost immediately afterwards another law-suit threatened us. To make all safe for the child concerned, ready money was required, and required without warning. There was no time to send to get it, nor was there need, for it came.

Again and again in what seems to us a truly wonderful way, the particular need of the hour has been supplied by gifts coming to us in notes. It was so during those very difficult years when cheques seemed to melt in our hands. It is so even now. For at the time of writing, month by month, a registered envelope falls, like a benediction made visible, on our breakfast table, just as the month is beginning and many petty payments have to be made in cash; and the sight of it carries us back to a very hard time when one in Government Service, whom we soon knew to be God's knight, came to camp with us.

We had never intended it, of course; but he asked a question to which the only answer could be a glance at our books. I can hear now the quick drawn breath over a certain month, and see the look of human kindness and gladness over the next, which showed how very safe it is to trust the Lord.

There are many claims upon such men in India. A family at home, the demands of life out here. If we had thought he would want to help us I think we should have parried his questions, we should certainly never have shown him that book. But when his letter came saying that month by month this gift would be sent to us, he so put matters that we could not refuse. It was understood that it must not be thought of as a promise. We made that clear (for it might not be right to go on), and with this proviso what could we say but our one word *Inasmuch*?

So as the new month comes, with the little new bundle of notes in its hand, we take them and are thankful.

Nor Scrip—15. Limelight and Another Illumination

From a P.S.A. notice:

'Subject. A renewed world-No sorrow. No pain. No death. No collection.'-*Local paper*.

And Punch's comment is, 'The last item sounds almost too good to be true.'

'I am not sure that you are right about limelight.' (And the benefits of large ways of advertisement were emphasized.) 'Faith is essential, but faith sitting still and waiting for miracles, if not negative, is at least intransitive. Faith without works is dead.'

This, from a barrister in India, concluded with, 'You may not remember that I had a very full knowledge of the procedure adopted with these Temple children. I had a case in which the dedication was disputed from a very different point of view' (than ours, he meant), 'namely heirship, and I think we got the whole truth though possibly not nothing but the truth.' Then the writer enclosed a gift for the work, thus cancelling most delightfully his previous argument. For did he need the limelight to move him to pity and to help?

Punch on 'No collection,' and our legal friend on the limelight, are first in a bunch of letters from which I quote some paragraphs never written for print.

'I have felt very much impressed with the need of your special work and longed to help; but as my husband is only a working man I could only give you my prayers, and leave the issue with God.

'But now I have just received a very unexpected legacy due to me two years ago, and I hasten to send the amount by a post-office order for ten pounds in the Lord's name towards the nurseries.'

The writer lives in one of our colonies. The address she gave was insufficient to trace her, and for a long time she was unthanked. Could anything have been more chilling to such a giver? But unchilled she wrote again, and this time her gift was

£50. And she is the wife of a carpenter, not wealthy. We put her letters next that one about the limelight, and blessed God for these proofs that earth's limelight is not needed, for we do not know how to manipulate those little startling jets. Better surely, ten thousand times better, the quiet light that flows from love. The love of the Lord passes all things for illumination.

Yet again came a letter worded in that strangely suggestive way. 'I am impelled to send you a cheque for £100 which goes by this mail to the Bank of Madras. What a joy to know that God is watching your need and seeing beforehand that it is sent in time from His treasury.' And again, from another in the same year: 'I have made out another cheque for you; I have been impelled to do it. I had been considering it for some days and felt it was more than I could afford; but somehow today something said to me, "Go and do it," and I have asked the Lord to accept and bless it. How lovely it would be to hear that it just lifts you over some great difficulty.'

In truth it did. For it came at a time when the rupee was at its worst; a pound from England then meant only six rupees fourteen annas, or less than ten shillings, and its purchasing power was three shillings and eight pence. But the Lord sent this gift to us in rupees, five hundred rupees, which meant that nothing was lost.

But it was not only the coming of these larger gifts that touched us to the heart: 'Yesterday I went to see a friend who has rheumatoid arthritis. I remember her when I was about five years old and she was unable to walk then. Now she is almost blind. She often has to have some arrangement to hold up her eyelids. She cannot lift her hands at all.'

'She said: "F., I have two bits of gold I want to give for the work. I've held on to them for a long time, and last night I was thinking of it, and I felt I ought not to hold on to them any more. I haven't any more, dear. My sister gave me one and my brother another."

Then I had to raise the rugs and take her purse from her pocket and take the two half-sovereigns out myself. I could hardly bear to do it. I saw how very precious

they were to her. Yet it is to God she is giving them, and even I have found what riches He gives for little self-sacrifices. But they are a precious two half-sovereigns.'

'And He looked up and saw...a certain poor widow casting in thither two mites.' Two mites, two half-sovereigns. He looked and saw them.

No, it was not alone the gifts of those who could give in hundreds that came as direct and blessed reliefs, and still come. The gifts if counted separately would total many thousands, they do not average large sums. And the very smallest of all is one whose dear little cheer comes oftenest:

'Betty (aged nine) fished in her pocket and with her face all working brought me two bright pennies for you. I promised I would send them, and they go to you wrapped with love.'

There have been days when Fear and Faith like two live persons stood on either side of us, and then little Betty came with her two bright pennies, and Fear fled.

Nor Scrip—16. 'The Unfolding of thy Words Giveth Light'

During the year and a half after the war things became more and more difficult; for exchange got worse and worse and the price of rice (because of drought), and therefore of all food-stuffs, rose. High prices for rice mean high prices for fodder for animals (as they eat rice-straw), and of course all coolie and therefore building, everything in short which means labour, rises with rice. And yet we were pledged to go on with the boys' work, begun in the last year of the war and confirmed to be our Lord's will for us by the signs following.

These our signs may cause questions in some minds. But our Lord has many ways of guiding His children, and this is the way, as we believe, He has chosen for us. Perhaps if we used the word 'indications of His will' instead of the more direct *signs* it might be less open to misunderstanding; but we use the word as it came to us first, so simple that a child can understand it, and yet so full of mystery that it baffles the wisest to explain. Delitzsch, in speaking of Isaiah's offer to Ahaz of any kind of miracle in the upper or the lower world ('Descend down deep in thy asking to Hades or ascend up to the height'), says that this cannot but perplex the adherents of the modern view of the world, and they think the prophet is playing a dangerous game and that, if Ahaz had closed with the offer, Jehovah would certainly have left him in the lurch; but, Delitzsch quietly notes, Ahaz had no such thought; he hid himself under the screen of a mock humility, but he never doubted the offer, charged deep with the mysterious, the miraculous, as it was.

But our concern is not to explain, still less to defend, it is only to bear witness. We knew (who does not?) that strong personal desire may be mistaken for the Lord's direction. We did not want to make mistakes and grieve His Spirit by running before Him. And as regards all our doings we wanted to run between guiding lines, and what guiding lines could be more clearly discerned than just this same coming or withholding of supplies? So, when the inward urging was insistent, and the word of the Lord, so far as we knew it, was with us, and yet special difficulties barred the way, we did humbly wait upon our, Lord and Master for some unmistakable token which no imagination could create, something outside

ourselves. Sometimes the response to that prayer came in the old familiar, 'Ask, and thou shalt receive.' 'Descend deep in thy asking or ascend to the height.' Sometimes the choice was not left to us, but something, recognized the moment it appeared, was granted to us. In other words, sometimes the waters of Jordan were divided or ever we had to cross them, and sometimes our feet were dipped in the brim of the water before the way through was opened for us. The sign came, not before obedience as guide, but after it as confirmation. And this is of course a much more searching lesson in faith than the other.

We had for many years greatly longed to start work for little boys, for there are numbers in South India who are exposed to dangers as acute as those that attack the little girls. If I had been alone in 1914, I should almost certainly have gone on and crossed that river then; but I did not feel free in spirit to do so till we were all of one mind in an house, and the great difficulty present in some minds was the absence of medical help. Even English baby boys are known to be harder to bring up than baby girls, and Indian babies are very much more fragile than English. In September, 1917, faith was given for the first time to all, to be willing for anything, even for doctorless work (and only those who have clone such work know what it entails). On the eighth of that month a medical student, one of whom we had never heard, was called, and offered in England. We heard of her offer in October, and wondered at the ways of the Lord. While these words are being written she is landing in India, gift straight from His hand through the hands of His lovers and ours.

The first boy came on January 14, 1918. Then to the adversary was given power. A new compound must be begun, in other words a new work. Indeed, it had begun. To what would it lead? Words, met long ago and pasted because of the serious warning in them into my cash box, flashed into mind:

Thou hast enough to pay thy fate?

Well, be it so;

But thou shouldest know does thy God send thee there,

Is that it all? To pay thy fare?

There's many a coin flung lightly down

Brings back a load of care.
It may cost what thou knowest not
To bring thee home from there.

What would be the end of this new journey into the unknown? What would be needed of courage, patience, hope, faith that no disappointment can daunt, love that no heartbreak can kill. 'It may cost what thou knowest not to bring thee home from there.'

And for the immediate present, here was a new compound to embark upon, a new large nursery should be begun at once. The strong in faith will wonder; but I asked my God for a sign. The doctor had been prayed for (so far as I was concerned) for fourteen long years. Her call then, even though occurring in that exact month, could hardly be regarded for certain as a sign, though surely it was nothing less. It might be called by that convenient name, coincidence. So I wanted something more absolutely unmistakable, to assure and reassure us that the Presence would go with us and, whatever the storms by the way might be, give us rest.

Then it was as if the Lord in His infinite tenderness came near to the one who feared and said, 'Ask.' And I asked for one hundred pounds to begin the new compound, to be given by the mail due next day. Then I told my household.

The mail came. Who that has opened a mail under such circumstances but will understand how each letter was handled, how every eye watched the opening? A money order for forty-two rupees, six annas, another for three rupees. And that was all.

But, though I cannot explain it, I know there was no sense of disappointment. One of the younger workers who had been away when the last few letters were opened, ran in eagerly, 'Has it come?' 'No, but it will.'

'It has come.' As the younger one left the room an older one entered it. That mail had brought her a legacy. Not one of us, not she I think, had had any thought of it, nor had I any knowledge of its existence. She put the whole clear hundred pounds into my hands, and we all met together and worshipped.

Straight on from that day (February 6, 1918) the nurseries have been given. When this one was finished and another was needed, our friend Miss McDougall, Principal of the Women's Christian College, Madras, chanced to be with us. Usually we keep our matters of this kind entirely among ourselves, but this friend was one with whom it was possible to wait on God not only in prayer, but in that silence into which such prayer sometimes passes whether one will or not.

It was an evening early in January when we were brought to the point of having at once to decide to go on or to wait. Stone was to be had at a lower price than usual if we could buy at once. A man in our village had bought it meaning to build a house; but when he came to count the cost he found he had not the wherewithal (the parables are Eastern to the lightest syllable). He wanted to sell that stone as soon as possible to avoid the laugh of the village, and he had had an offer; but if we closed at once with him he would sell at a less price to us, because we would, he knew, pay honestly, and we should have our nurseries' foundations ready hewn for us, and so save time and money.

We do not have committees at Dohnavur, we commit, as one of our number recently explained to a questioning friend, in a different way. 'It sounds very unpractical,' said the other, tired out as she was by a long spell of committees. We have not found it so.

That evening round the dinner table we knelt down and asked for guidance. The servants were clearing away. We had not meant to have a long time of prayer, but we did not find access at first, and prayer passed into the silence of which I have spoken. The servants slipped in and out and did their work quietly. And still we waited. When at last we rose from our knees we all knew we had received the thing that we had desired of the Lord, even clear guidance. Next day the stone was ordered.

We had hardly begun when a letter came from home, from one whose name was unknown to us till then. A legacy (blessed be legacies) had fallen to him, and he wanted to give us a nursery as a praise offering for Peace. The next was not begun when from another country came the proceeds of the sale of a little motor-car, £100. Then came in the same direct way another hundred, gift of an old invalid

friend, a gift so out of proportion to his way of living that the very angels must have wondered. That gift, according to his desire, is marked 'Anon.' in our gift book; but the angels know.

It was by this time September 1919. Rice was still very high in price; carts bringing it had to be escorted by police, so frequent were the raids upon it and so impossible was it ever to track the raiders. There was nothing particularly inspiring in the circumstances of the time and we did not feel at all like doing more building. Just then a palm-tree grower in our neighbourhood had to cut down his palms, and he offered the timber (the best of its kind for roofs) at a good rate if we would take it all, enough for eight new nurseries. But this meant more than we were prepared to consider; we had never done such a thing before, and we dismissed it as impossible.

Before, however, the refusal had gone, it came to us in a new way. What if there is in this an intended stimulus to faith that, whatever the difficulties in saving these children, many more will yet be saved and all required for their care will come too? Can we not gird up the loins of our mind and enquire of our God concerning it? So we did this, waiting on Him on the morning of September 13, having boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus. And contrary, if I may put it, to our expectations, we knew that we were to order the wood.

The order had not left the house before the post came. It brought two letters of widely different purport. The first was the one quoted before about the limelight, and advertising our needs thereby. The second contained £126, and the words the giver said were to be entered into the book of gifts were these: '*Have faith in God.*'

So we went on, till the sudden fall in supplies stopped for the time our nursery building, as we had to use what had been given to us for nurseries, for food, sure that when the storm had passed the birds would fly to, us again with meat for us morning and evening, and then we should return what we had drawn from that ready money, the nursery account. And yet it was one of the perplexities of the time, for had not the guidance been clear to go on building? Some questions are not answered at once; we must wait till our tomorrow. But let no one think that it

is a light and easy thing to be guided in this way, something that can be taken up in a casual 'It-will-come-all-right-in-the-end' spirit. Clouds and darkness are round about Him, and there are times when the breath of these eternal mists seems to hang round the ways of the soul that would press hard after Him.

The months passed. Supplies came. The refunds were made. Nurseries begun were finished, and the last of that group was called Thanksgiving.

Nor Scrip—17. 'Before Ye Ask Him'

In South India we have two building seasons; they are fitted between the two rains and the two harvests. During the two months or more of harvest, labour is double price, and during the rains of course building cannot be done. Just after our last rains we found that it was advisable to go on with the nursery building, and that for various reasons to build two together would be more economical than to build them one by one. There was money in hand which was to spare, as it would not be needed for a month or two, when the harvest bill would devour it all; but then, as I have told, in our nursery building work we always count on the sum required coming clear and whole, and not made up of small pieces. So as it was necessary to go on at once in order to do as much as possible before the harvest, which here begins in February, we very definitely asked for a special gift sufficient for that need to come soon. And the word given so clearly that we wrote it down in our logbook was this: 'Your Father knoweth what things ye have need of *before ye ask Him*.' If the money had not been already sent it would be too late for the season, so we took it that it was already on its way, and directed the men to go on. The date was November 22, 1920.

Next day we had occasion to go into the affair of stone, earth and wood. As the wood was bought and a good deal of stone ready, we thought that between ninety and a hundred pounds should suffice for the two rooms. The price of wood had almost doubled since we bought that good timber before the difficult months set in. The thought of that guidance so kindly definite, and the saving effected thereby, was an encouragement now. But even so, it never becomes a small thing to go into the presence of the Lord with these petitions, and on the morning of November 26, while the stars were still shining, I went to the word upon which we had been caused to hope: 'Your Father knoweth what things ye have need of *before ye ask Him*.' The words seemed to leap out from the page: *before ye ask Him*.

Five hours later a letter came with exactly the sum (£100) we had thought of as the limit of our need for those two nurseries.

'It is with a feeling of joy that I send you the enclosed cheque for £100,' wrote the giver. And she told how and when the desire to send it was laid upon her. It was several weeks before we ourselves were aware of the need, and the letter was written twenty days before we asked for it to be supplied.

'Your letter filled my heart with joy,' is a happy word just received. 'I was so very thankful to find how definitely I had been led. I wish I could send you £100 every year, but it has been taken out of capital, not income.' And the letter ends with 'heart's joy', a gift it is our Father's custom to give to His givers.

In that ancient writing, The Wisdom of Solomon, occur these beautiful words about Wisdom: 'She is a treasure unto men that never faileth...Good, quick, which cannot be letted, ready to do good, kind to man, steadfast, sure, overseeing all things.'

Surely this blessed Wisdom must walk as familiar friend with those who, sensitive to the lightest touch, can be so directed that, quick and not to be letted, their doings reach this remote little place in time to unfold the word of the Lord upon which He has caused us to trust.

What is distance to Him, or remoteness, or smallness, or unimportance? (And we are the least in our Father's house, who live at His hand in this way.) 'Wisdom reacheth from one end to another mightily, and sweetly doth she order all things.' 'In His hand are all the corners of the earth', is one of our words in Dohnavur. He can reach from the centre to the corner or from corner to corner, and truly very sweetly doth He order all things.

Is it strange then that we fear earth's limelight, do not feel the need of it rather, having through the tender grace of our God this other whose bright shining is never laid to sleep? 'For she is more beautiful than the sun and above all order of stars; being compared with the light she is found before it.'

Facts of finance, are they dry and dull, and sapless as mere sums? Oh, let the song go round the earth: 'The unfolding of His words giveth light. The love of the Lord passeth all things for illumination.' Is there any end to it?

Nor Scrip—18. Daisies

I do not think there is. Long ago Samuel Rutherford said he despaired to win to the far end of that love, there were so many plies in it. 'All other things are shadows, dreams, fancies and nothing.'

Over and over again we have had some rather large bill looming ahead: medical stores, for example, come to a fabulous amount these days, and cholera times in the villages round us consume quantities of some of the most expensive. These bills are paid at home and usually by the gatherings up of many little gifts.

'Lest man grown dazzled straining at the sun
Should find Him not and doubt what He had done,
God stooping, wrote upon the ground in daisies.'

'We got some very touching gifts for the sale. One was from a poor blind woman who is dying. She wished to give something, so asked a friend to look through her belongings. She had a shawl which had been knitted by another blind woman even poorer than she is. She bought it many years ago from her. This she gave to the sale, a beautiful shawl. When we told her it had been sold and that the price was £2 she said, "Do not think I gave so much. It cost me 7s. 6d. many many years ago." In case you think we were exorbitant (it is understood that there shall never be unfair prices charged in connection with our work) Mother had it valued. The value was £2 5s. to £2 10s. There was a poor girl who had nothing to give, so she gave any treasures she had. One was a workbasket, a present; also two cups and saucers.'

'It is such a joy to be able to send the enclosed.' (Most of our letters begin like that.) 'It is half the proceeds of the sale of three pieces of jewelry. The most valuable of these was left by my mother, and this made it very precious to me; but I could not withstand the impelling power of the Holy Spirit who was prompting me to give the best for Christ's sake. This was the thought He gave me:

By turning this pendant into money for the Lord's work I should be laying up treasure in heaven where my dear one is, therefore it would be another link to draw us closer together.

'This jewelry was sold by auction and the reserve price was much lower than I thought it should be; but the auctioneer assured me it would not fetch much more. However, I was determined that it should, and I asked six friends to join with me in prayer on the day of the sale that the price might be run up. The result was that it was sold for £10 more than the reserve.'

That thought of laying up treasure in heaven came to the mother of the one to whose care this little book owes its setting forth of accounts, unconfused by the confusions of exchange. Her father had the large gold medal of Trinity College, Dublin, and the daughter had one too.

These treasures of years have been offered by her widowed mother, who, having given her only daughter, has with her also freely given all things she has to give. When it felt to us impossible to touch this so precious gold, the beautiful answer came, '*It is the only way by which I can keep it always.*'

And there are givers whose gifts, as the angels see them, must appear as spiritual adventures in the land of Utmost Faith.

There is one, quite poor, so poor that a friend seeing her felt she must give her a little gift. A joyous look, more joyous than a personal good could have awakened, lighted the face of our friend, and she told the one who had given the gift that she had been praying for something to give to the two places just then laid upon her heart. One of the two was Dohnavur.

And again in the same kind land there is another who suffers greatly, and can usually only be relieved by surgical help. But once, lately, it was laid on her to pray for healing by the touch of the Lord alone, and that healing came. The sum thus set free was given to Dohnavur, for whose sake she had sought that so blessedly inexpensive touch of life. She too is one whose riches are not of this world's gold.

But space would fail to tell of the company of the Lord's own Poor, those who in very fact company with Him who had not where to lay His head. And how often, when such gifts came, even as at the coming of those great welcome cheques which lifted us over some 'impossible' thing, we have rejoiced to remember the invisible roll book, the book of the Lord's remembrance.

Daisies, we have called this chapter. The word is from a poem in a forgotten book, *Lyrics from the Hills*, by C. A. Fox.

From thy little snowy frill
Taking heaps of coined gold
With a hearty right goodwill,
In thy innocency bold
Thou dost offer back to God,
All unasked, thy precious load.

Not always heaps of coined gold, but precious with the love that is golden, the gifts come thus that help us to carry on.

Amy Carmichael :: Nor Scrip—19. The Three £100

We are not an orphanage, nor are our children able to go here and there in safety. We have only kept out of manifold trouble by a careful and purposeful avoidance of publicity. But as faithful delicate Indian workers began to flag, and our children to need change, and we ourselves, being unable to leave them, could not go to the distant hills, it seemed apparent that some place of our own near by, and yet in at least comparative coolness, would be a great boon, and we began to search the forest behind Dohnavur for some place suitable. After frequent search and many vicissitudes at last we found it. Hidden in a deep recess, which at about 2,500 feet up opens horseshoe-fashion into a glorious mountain-guarded curve, was an old coffee estate of nearly 40 acres belonging to a Muhammadan, who lived near us and was willing to sell.

One of the rich temples of our neighbourhood owns the ravines, on either side, and was ready to buy up this one. Its price was £100.

But we had not thought of buying anything so extensive or expensive, and we had thought of a much smaller undertaking; and yet it was a very desirable place, and there was no other to be had anywhere near Dohnavur to be compared for convenience, or health, or beauty. So we asked for a sign, a hundred pounds in one clear gift, if this was our Father's plan for us. It did at first sight seem a great deal to ask; but the God who had found one hundred rupees when that was the need, and had sent it as a sign that we were on the right path, could as easily find a hundred pounds if it were required, could as easily find a thousand if He wished us to have it. But we did not need a thousand at that moment, so we did not ask for it. We asked for just one hundred.

The date of the prayer was June 11. We returned late in the evening to find a mail had unexpectedly arrived *and in it was* £100. For a moment we thought it was the Sign. Then we found it was distinctly ear-marked 'For a Forest House.' But how could we build a Forest House if we had no forest to build it in? Or was it that we were to be content with the smaller thought of the previous months, and build in

the few acres the Forest Department might let us use? Thus being uncertain, we waited. There were temptations to hurry; for the Temple authorities were moving, and with them money is nothing. That particular temple owns lakhs of rupees and much land. But the hazard of losing the place was as nothing compared with the hazard of running before the Lord. 'It may cost what thou knowest not to bring thee home from there.'

So till August 25 we waited, and on that day in the early morning we set forth with a friend, experienced traveller in many lands, who was staying with us at the time, to look at the place again.

It charmed him. 'If only I had the means I would buy it at once,' he said, and tried hard to get the owner who was there at the time, dwelling in a cave on the face of a cliff, to let us buy a small part of it, the site that struck him as perfect for a house. But the old man was firm. He would sell all or none. He knew he could sell all to the Temple if we did not rise to it, and no one can explain why he waited so long for us. The only explanation is, we think, that in the purposes of our God the place was marked for us.

We knelt down among the grey boulders in whose crevices wild pine-apples were growing, their pinky crimson tufts of fruit and spikes of blue-green leaves showing brightly on the grey, and we prayed for some clear sign, something we could not possibly mistake, to assure us that the whole enchanting ravine with its uncontaminated water (for the heights above were unexploited, being too steep for commercial uses) was to be ours.

It was late when we reached home. Again a premature mail was in; but we were tired and went to bed without opening it. In the morning *we found again a hundred pounds.*

And yet (for there was no word with it, the giver, a dear Irish friend, being in Paradise) we still hesitated. Looking back, now that we have possessed the ravine for three years and cannot imagine ourselves without it, it is quite difficult to understand how we could. 'Many were gathered together praying...She told how Peter stood before the gate. And they said unto her, Thou art mad. And when

they had opened the door, they were astonished.' Was it that? I hardly know. It can never fail to be an astonishing thing when the Lord of all the earth, whose glory is above the heavens, humbles Himself to behold the things that are in the earth, such little things, too, as these of ours are. But are there any limits to His kindness, and is anything little to the God who teaches the bird no bigger than a butterfly where to find and how to use the silk cotton in the forest, so that its infinitesimal nest, cup like the cup in a child's dolls' house, is soft as love can make it for the birds that are to be?

And yet, I hope we were not astonished in that way. There is certainly nothing little to Him. I think we know it here. But we greatly feared to run before and embark on costly follies, for land is the least of forest expenses, as we were soon to find. And yet it did look like the Sign repeated in order that we might go on without a doubt that this was to be, and four days later it was shown that we might take it so. On September 14 the place was ours, and the Sign was confirmed indeed when *a third gift of exactly that sum (£100) came ear-marked for its purchase*, so that down to the smallest detail the way was cleared before us.

Told thus it must seem as if hundreds of pounds had a pleasant habit of dropping on us; so, in order that it may be known that this was indeed of the Lord at that time, and for a purpose definite and distinct, it should be told that this was not so. Six months passed before anything approaching such a gift reached us. And even then it was a broken sum and not, as we had asked, a complete round hundred. Tales such as these, gathered together in one small space, will mislead and do more harm than good, if it is not remembered that they were the striking hours among the thousands of minutes, or, put into sky language, the bright groups of stars set here and there among a multitude of lesser lights. Each is indeed a light, a sun; what should we do without our great spaces of many little stars? And the dark between, those times in life when neither sun nor stars in many days appear, do we not need them too? But He that is as the morning star in the midst of a cloud, as the moon at the full, as the sun shining upon the temple of the Most High, and as the rainbow giving light in the bright clouds, as the flower of roses in the spring of the year, as lilies by the rivers of waters, He in whom alone all glories

and all sweetnesses meet, does at times in the lives of His lovers set His comforts in constellations, to the glory of His name.

Nor Scrip—20. Interior Conversations

It is extraordinary how often the father of lies overreaches himself in his untruth-telling. We ought to write down these disproved statements of his sometimes, for the benefit of those whom he persistently worries; but life is full, there is hardly time to live, much less to set down all that is in it. Still, sometimes such episodes are distinct in emphasis, and looking back we remember the years of the right hand of the Most High, and are reinforced in faith.

Such an hour stands out now as I write. It lay in one of the spaces between the lighting of the stars.

'Most of your friends at home are getting old.'

'Well, so is everybody.'

(We have a dear little girl here who regularly sets these occasions forth as interior conversations. I am following her example.)

'But there will soon be nobody left at home who cares in the least for you.'

'God can give us new friends.'

'Oh, but old friends are far better.'

There are some points it is difficult to argue and I forget how this was countered, perhaps by the happy fact that new friends grow into old friends in time; but the last shaft was, 'Well, look at your Gift Book. There is hardly a name now that was there when you began.'

'There is So-and-so, and So-and-so,' a few dear names rose in the heart's affections.

Within a week one of the dearest of them was gone.

'I told you so,' said the devil.

He then talked much: he assured me the husband, a retired Indian Colonel, would never think of us again. Of course, as we do not count that a gift, or twenty-five years of gifts, contain the promise of even one more, he was quite out in this kind of talk, and yet it had a little worrying sting in its tail. We should miss the faithful friends when they passed. I could not say that we should not.

Almost at once from that lonely old man the flow of gifts began again. We receipted them to her name as well as to his, writing the two together on the little 'Inasmuch' receipt slip as of old. Why not? She was more alive than ever.

And these gifts continued, everything in connection with the wife who was on the other side of death seemed to remind the husband of the little place she had loved for so many years. And it did seem as if the tempter, prince of prevaricators, had his completest answer when a money-order came for the amount which she would have spent on her year's dress, had she not put off her mortal clothing and put on the immortal.

Nor Scrip—21. There Is No Want in the Fear of the Lord

We have a joyfully large group of workers in Dohnavur, though, when one regards the reach of country all round us, with its opportunities bounded only by strength, and the great work to be accomplished in the training of those who will, we trust, if the Lord tarries, carry the message far and wide, our band seems small enough. Still, every English worker means a one-roomed cottage and some furniture. We build cottage fashion, nursery or worker's room it matters not which, with the back verandah made into a bathroom, that luxury of Indian life, and so we can interchange, worker changing with a group of children or vice versa as is most expedient for the work. Our buildings have been proved healthy, even though they are small for the East and lower than Government would sanction if we had to wait for its passing of plans. The fresh air blows round them if there is any to blow, there is the restful blessing of privacy—in short, they suffice for us. But it will be seen that as new workers mean new cottages and their furnishings, however simple, a good deal of expenditure might have to be incurred under this head alone.

Our way here is to furnish a room from a room. Each which finds itself possessed of more than it requires, contributes that extra; but naturally there are limits to this kind of giving, and furniture, if it has any wear in it, is not inexpensive, though we spend as little as may be on it.

The building of these cottages and the furnishing thereof, would fill books of stories of those wonderful little loving-kindnesses that touch one more nearly, perhaps, than the greater and more awe-inspiring gifts of love.

The first gift of furniture for the children came from a C.M.S. missionary. Not a word of the surprise in store for us had reached us; but one morning a bandy jingled up to the door and, to our amazement, disgorged a beautiful little school bench for the babies, a tiny easel, and all the other minutiae of a complete set of beginnings. At that time we had not one anna to spend on such things. The older

children were helping to build our first mud wall, carrying on their unaccustomed little heads the baskets of earth for the builders to stamp into clay. We keep that mud wall still, to remind us of what great things God has wrought for us.

But the rooms: sometimes an I.C.S. friend has written that he is going on leave and wants to sell a few trifles. We send for them (and note the kind prices) and find the trifles are just what we were needing. Or a guest on his homeward way stops at Colombo, that treasure house of nice things, and sends us what we should never have bought for ourselves.

Once we were short of china; we remember it because there were not even coffee cups to serve our guests' coffee after dinner, and there were no tea cups either, just great clumsy breakfast cups which were most uninviting. We could have bought some, but wanted our money for the children. Shortly afterwards, a friend coming out to us for a visit brought a whole blue set, and we ourselves (and our guests if they knew it) handle nothing less than gifts from Him who long ago said, 'Your Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things.'

But space would fail to tell all, or a tithe of all, the private stories of this place. It is as if its Owner and ours wanted to set us night and day free for the one thing for which we are here, and so He does not cause us to spend much time over life's lesser necessities.

Once, some years ago, he who was then our Collector rode over to see us. He was interested and wanted to help us, and he naturally thought a Government grant would be good for us. We told him why we felt clearer without it. Then he asked us how we lived. We told him. He pointed to the buildings. We told him how they came to be. 'Can I do nothing for you?' he said. 'Save a child if you have a chance,' was our word then, and he went away.

A year or so later I was in Madras, hearing of the fight for a child a brave woman there had carried on for months, and of her all but failure. She was old, worn with many years of labours, and she had almost given up. Then that man who had been our Collector came forward. A touch from one high up in Government Service can do much if a kind heart is behind. That touch set the child's life free.

Would it have been the same, we wondered, if the one precious half-hour we spent together had been taken up with questions of finance?

So we have proved it a thousand times and are still proving it: if we are about our Father's business He takes care for ours. There is no want in the fear of the Lord and it needeth not to seek help. 'My son, lead not a beggar's life,' said the wise man long ago. Last year's hot weather comes to mind, another of those happenings which some will call coincidences but others will see as something more precious, more intimate.

Several of our number needed the cold of the Hills. Our forest is not so much tonic as rest. But the Hill expenses are now necessarily large, and it was the time of the worst exchange. So no one wanted to spend money on holidays, anything there was to spare went, of course, to the work. Just then a District Forest Officer stayed with a friend of ours, and being refreshed in spirit gave her a cheque which was to be spent on bringing those up to the Hills who were kept down by the adverse exchange. Part of the cheque was sent to us. It was impossible to refuse, and to the Hills three of our number went, and returned refreshed. May cool winds blow through the heats of life for that unknown D.F.O., till we meet where the sun shall not light on him, nor any heat.

Nor Srip—22. Will Not the Brother Take Care of the Sister?

Does the tale become monotonous? Very many days of His secret dealings, His private teachings, lie between each fact of help recorded, and perhaps if I uncover one such lesson in the school of faith it may help some younger learner. And because there is in most of us a tendency to expect what, for want of a better name, we call miracles to happen in the far future as they happened in the far past, rather than in this ordinary today, I will tell of one of the latest.

On June 24, 1919, we were seeking for guidance about one who, evidently called to join us, had signed herself, 'Yours in His obedience'. We had accepted her offer before we even thought of asking about ways and means. When the question rose, as of course it must sooner or later, we found £100 was required, and the circumstances were such as to cause us to face out this matter of trusting our God for His workers' needs as well as for the needs of His children. Put in that way it reads rather absurdly; but after all that was the heart of the question, and we went straight to its heart in thinking of it.

Up to that time we had not definitely faced it. Some who had need of supplies had been led to us in different ways, but in each case there had been definite guidance. Now the matter was rather this: are we to be ready for whatever new thing in this line may be shown to be the will of our God for us?

Alone with Him that morning in June my reading had been in St. Mark iii., 'And He looked round about on them which sat about Him, and said, Behold My mother and My brethren. For whosoever shall do the will of God the same is My brother, *and My sister*, and mother.' ([Mar 3:34-35](#))...'Will not the Brother take care of the sister?'

It was not a little question. It meant launching sheer off the shore. We had nothing tangible behind us; we had just God.

And now, was He asking us to trust Him for any whom He should send? Surely if that word-'the same is My sister'-meant anything (and we know His lightest word means not anything but everything), it meant He was prepared to be responsible for His obedient ones. Of the preciousness of such gifts, beside which money, however needful, looks so small, I need not write; words could not tell it.

Still looking up for direction upon this matter, and waiting for that certainty without which action is impossible, I read on through the chapters following, seeing new lines of connections running from page to page, like those wonderful, all but invisible threads, that run from cell to cell of the leaf through the delicate cell walls.

For first comes the story of the Sower. The Sower soweth the word: for the moment all sowers but Christ the Eternal moved across the field and out of sight. He sows the seed, such a seed as this new word; our part then is to make room for it, see to it that no stray bird flies off with it, no shallow-heartedness causes it to be futile in operation, no crowd of cares or delusive other things choke it. From the perils of the hard, the shallow, the preoccupied, good Lord, deliver us.

Then follows the word on the quietness of faith. As if a man should cast the seed into the ground; and should sleep and should rise night and day, and the seed should spring and grow up, he knoweth not how. No need to fuss and worry. No need even to understand the mystery of the how of things: he knoweth not how. And again in the storm story, chapter v. Our Lord was in the hinder part of the ship asleep on a pillow. He who slept in the boat when a great storm of wind beat upon it and it was full of water, can keep us in quietness of heart whatever our circumstances be. The Lord of peace Himself give you peace at all times, in all ways, is no phantom prayer, no mere cry of desire. God's comforts are no dreams. 'And it shall be as it were a great motion; but the place where thou standest, shall not be moved.'

And so, in simplicity, but how vitally may our lives declare, we went on learning of Him, till we came to chapter vi. with its familiar teaching, never more appropriate than now. For some had counselled us to 'reduce our numbers' (how?); to retrench in various ways (why?); and there we see the poor puzzled disciples

proposing the same thing exactly: 'Send them away.' They wanted to arrange for an orderly failure, and all the time He had something so different in His heart, for He Himself knew what He would do.

And then, the miracle over, with its strange sense of exaltation of spirit, the tremendous trial of apparent forgetfulness on the part of the very Master they had seen able to provide, at a moment's notice, ready-cooked fish, ready-baked bread, and who therefore could surely have made a peaceful way for them through any wind.

'I wish and pray that the Lord would harden my face against all, and make me to learn to go with my face against a storm.' Is not that almost the last lesson of faith?

Then comes Peter with his leap out of the boat, and the Lord's way of dealing with his fear, not 'Wherefore didst thou come?' but 'Wherefore didst thou doubt?' For fear is nothing else but a surrender of the succours which reason offereth. Woes our dear Lord ever rebuke us for walking to Him upon the water? But, and this is the pith of faith of the kind we are now considering, we must be sure that He Himself, and not another, has said to us, 'Come.' 'Lord, *if it be Thou*, bid me come unto Thee on the water.'

In guidance, everything depends upon that If.

This lesson, so imperfectly told, was given and dated on June 24, 1919. On that same day all of us waiting together, as our custom is, became assured that the mind of our Lord had been made known. And on July 12, a friend in England who, though much loving us, knew nothing of these matters, which were kept entirely between our Lord and ourselves, wrote as follows:

'About three weeks ago' (note the date) 'I sent a cheque value £100 to the Manager of the Bank of Madras, to be placed to the credit of the Dohnavur Nurseries Account, which kindly use for the need of the moment.' This cheque therefore had been sent off close upon, if not exactly upon, the day the need for this sum had been shown to us, and the mind of our Lord made known.

Nor Scrip—23. Proverbs 27:27

The drought of 1918 will long be remembered by the people in these parts; their cattle died.

We had till then been able to get almost all the milk we required from the villages near by. Morning and evening, from a dozen villages streamed the too old to work and the too young to work, each tottery old body and toddly young one engaged in carrying a small brass vessel full of buffalo or cow's milk, to be tested and, if it passed the test, bought. Now we could get very little and that little with much difficulty. Condensed milk was a fabulous price, and besides it did not suit all, nor would it have built up healthy children. We needed over two hundred rupees' worth of milk a month at that time and could only buy about ninety rupees' worth, so we were in real difficulty, and when in our reading we came upon Proverbs xxvii. 27, it was no small comfort. Then and there, we rested ourselves upon that comfortable word, 'Milk enough for thy food, for the food of thy household, and for the maintenance for thy maidens,' and watched for its fulfilment. The date was November 3.

On November 6, we were able to buy three buffaloes; on the 9th, four more buffaloes and two cows; on January 8, two more cows.

Things had got worse. In December we were only able to buy forty rupees' worth of milk from outside; but the little herd acquired in the month of the promise helped us through.

But this was not all the good contained in that sure word. The village people needed help; we greatly desired to help them; but to give, even if we could have given, would not have helped them in the best way.

Is there anything our Father does not take thought about? On June 6, 1919, a gift reached us, the first we had ever had marked 'Famine relief' (for we had not said much of the trouble, knowing it was worse in other places). We had till now

sheltered the animals in temporary sheds. But something more was needed, and at once we began famine relief work for the villagers, who flocked to us most thankfully. It was wonderful to watch the money coming. Once for a special reason there was strong temptation to anxiety. I was alone in the forest at the moment seeing about something there, and my mail sent up was opened under difficult circumstances. Only He who was there with me knew what it was to open a letter containing a gift from poor folk in one of our great home cities, from whom I had never thought anything would ever come again (they had been loving givers for years, but now circumstances had changed and what they had to give would be needed, I had thought, elsewhere). It was the largest gift they had ever sent, and it was enough to complete the purchase of all the cattle we then required for the food of our household, and for the maintenance of our maidens, according to the promise of the Lord.

Herd, barns, byres, and farm-well came together to £388 16s. 1½d., or in Rs. 5,832.1.7, and we wrote up words from the book of the promise, in the milk-cows' byre, 'Be thou diligent...Look well to thy herds. The righteous man knoweth how his cattle feel.' (The second being Delitzsch's translation of [Proverbs 12:10](#).)

Christmas Day is a joyful day for the cattle as well as for the children they serve. Their places are decorated (because our Saviour was born in a manger), and they have lotus buds fastened between their horns, for the little cow-boys are quite sure this is the proper thing to do. They have, too (as on every Sunday), extra treats, a bath and the food they like best. And though they are only poor little cattle of South India (for the beautiful large beasts Government stocks on its farms are far beyond our purse), they are cared for as the gifts of God should be, and to our thankfulness we hear that all round about us animals are used a little more gently than they used to be, because it is known that we never hurt ours, never brand on them the cruel hideous patterns of the country, a branding that makes dreadful for some of us one whole week every spring. [With the coming of doctors who care for animals, a new thing has been seen in this countryside-operations on bulls and cows done mercifully under an anesthetic.]

Nor Scrip—24. Blessed Be Such Coincidences

Over and over again during this writing I have stopped, gone to our account books and gifts books, and once again verified every fact, and to make doubly sure got D. C. W., whose work is embodied in the accounts, to verify them for me, lest by any chance any mistake should slip in unawares. From the beginning of the work the accounts have had the help of careful overlooking. First Mr. Walker, whose mathematics lent themselves to such small things without protest, used to initial them every month, and those initials made me feel safe; then when he passed, another of our number celebrated for accuracy checked them for me; and then, as if to assure us of a more than fatherly care, the perplexity of the exchange had no sooner set in than one whose joy is in figures was given to us; to her this book owes the translation of pounds to rupees, annas, pies, and to her, too, I owe the work set forth at the end of the book. For the sake of simplicity the pound has been counted as fifteen rupees, all through, for the perpetual changes of exchange would confuse the English reader.

Finally we have had the help of our oldest friend in India, Rev. John Stewart, Secretary of the United Free Church of Scotland Mission. One would hesitate to ask such help from a busy mission Secretary, however kind, but old friendship makes such things possible, and the result of all this is, this little book is no fairy tale, but just true. Those to whom such ways of the Lord are familiar will not need this word of assurance, but there are some for whom it is required. And though to the writer every page suggests time, place, occasion, to verify each little happening, and to recall afresh that eternal comfort and good hope granted in hours without number to the least and weakest of all His family, has been very nourishing to faith.

Among the records which were thus looked up, and handled, is a long envelope with the Toronto postmark, and according to the sensible Canadian and American fashion; with an address printed in the corner.

Inside this envelope is a letter annotated to the following effect: The sum we had prayed for was £50. The first letter opened contained three gifts, one for £8 12s. 9d., one for £12 10s. and one for 10s. There was nothing in any other letter till we came to this long envelope at the bottom of the pile. In it was a draft for \$147.39, or in pounds, £31 15s. 2d. £8 12s. 9d., plus £12 10s., plus 10s., plus £31 15s. 2d. = £53 7s. 11d.

For the two who opened that mail together, the happy memory of that gift is set in green wood, by a running river. It came when two of us were in the forest, and we two and the others in Dohnavur had been specially asking for £50 by that mail. The joy of receiving it is vivid in me now. Was it only a coincidence? Blessed be such coincidences.

Nor Scrip—25. New Moons

This story of supplies is being written in the midst of life, often interrupted life; the interruptions themselves would make a book. The last one was the deliverance from a tangle of troubles in connection with that net for the feet of the unwary, a Court case. The six small jewels upon which that net was to have been spread, are lying upon the table beside me, and the collapse of the trouble which had already eaten up more time than we cared to spend over it, was thus expressed by one of the repentant creators of it, 'For you move with God, therefore is the fear of this offence upon us.' May it be true, that we always move with God.

But sometimes sweeter, cleaner things interrupt, and one such perfectly fits into the page now to be written. Yesterday Veerun, aged three and three-quarters, thus explained the reappearance in the east of the moon which he had seen disappearing over the mountains in the west. It is a glorified game of ball. God takes the moon in His hands when it touches the mountains, and He throws it across the sky; that is how it gets there new every evening; there can be no other way. There have been some who have explained the new every morning coming of our help, by the tossing of a book or a letter across the sea from east to west. It reappears in the form of a handful of silver or a convenient cheque. But is it so? We think it has another, a more enduring explanation.

At the beginning of the war those who felt that anything so invisibly supplied could not go on through such a cataclysm, told us we should be 'finished' (Tamil idiom, and the very word of Lam. iii. 22, 'It is of the Lord's mercies that we are not consumed.' See Young's Analytical Concordance). And we felt to the very marrow of our bones that what they said was true, unless those compassions continued in very marked fashion. And we asked then, so that there should always be little faggots for the fires of faith, that not one mail throughout the war might be empty of help. And it was so. Our Gift Book shows it. Sometimes there was very little; but always there was something. Not a single mail through those five years failed us in this regard, and the gifts came from many diverse places: Australia

and New Zealand, China, out-of-the-way corners of Canada, several of her cities and cities of the U.S.A., South Africa and North Africa (this last a gift from Arabian women), Central Africa, and the troubled countries of Europe, even from Germany itself through Switzerland; for nothing, not even such a war, can separate those who love in Christ.

Was it letters brought that? Letters never ask for money, but even if they did, could they have penetrated to Germany? Books do not do so either; and if they could have accounted for its coming we should indeed 'be finished' now, for several of them are out of print. Sometimes when we read the home papers with their advertisements, and money-drawing paragraphs, we feel if we had any to give we could not keep it, the difficulty would be to know which appeal appealed most poignantly, and whether to give it all to that one or divide it among all. The only thing we know is that we could not keep an anna. 'The cruellest man alive could not sit at his feast unless he sat blindfold,' as was said long ago, and even if he were blindfolded he would need to be deafened too. And we wonder, as we ache to help all those piteous needs, how anything ever reaches us, for we cannot jostle in among them, and we cannot even send a photograph that has anything vital in it. You cannot photograph the child's soul that is being slowly murdered. You cannot even describe it in words. They would burn the paper if you tried. How then is it that we are not wholly forgotten, crushed out of memory by these other real and tellable things? Little Veerun and his moon is no help here. Surely the only explanation for the going on, not of one small family only, but of all the families and companies to whom has been given this special charge to keep, is just this:-

'It is of the Lord's mercies that we are not consumed, because His compassions fail not. They are new every morning.' New, as the 'new' moon (the exact Hebrew adjective) old but ever new, for ever and for ever.

Nor Scrip—26. Barclay's Bank

And they are new too, perpetually new, in the diversity of their creation, like the small young buds that open in the morning, perpetual surprises.

I have hesitated to tell of one such because it is so small, too small and warm with human life for cold and formal print. And yet it was not too small to comfort us exceedingly.

For those whose money comes in pounds, and who therefore were doubly afflicted when the pound steadily fell in value and prices as steadily rose, the year 1919 has a shape of its own. It was an iron press turned by a screw which had no regard for our feelings. And we, the creatures inside it, wondered what would happen when floor and roof met. Towards the end of the year two of us went to Madras.

We chanced to arrive on a day when a more than usually serious fall in exchange had startled the community. There had been no warning, and in some cases many pounds had been lost by an hour's delay in cashing an English cheque. Even the wisest were perplexed; and the iron press became too tame a simile: life was a pair of forceps, with rapidly closing points, and the place between was not comfortable. Small wonder that in most gatherings together conversation was dominated by the rupee.

What is it makes the spiritual atmosphere of a place or a house? We did not find the atmosphere of Madras stimulating to the kind of faith we, at least, required, and as day succeeded day and no news came of help having reached Dohnavur by mail, we felt the need of a fresh reviving if we were to fight with gladness the battles of Israel, and walk these new ways in the quietness of peace.

One day, a day upon which we had expected good news, letters of sorrow came. There had been that heartbreak of all heartbreaks, spiritual defeat at Dohnavur; a fight for a soul had been lost. So our flesh had no rest. But we were troubled on every side: without were fightings, within were fears. 'Nevertheless,' most blessed

word that cleaves the cloud and lets the blue shine through, God that comforteth those that are cast down comforted us by the coming of a friend, the friend of our New Year's fellowship in prayer. She took me in her car to the beach. There, by the slowly darkening sea, for it was evening, we sat on the sand and watched the waves roll up. The glory of an Indian sunset fell and filled the atmosphere, lights were lighted along the shore, sea and sky and shore suffused with colour passed into one another, and a great hush held the world. But the waves rolled up from unimaginable distances and broke at our feet and a voice was in their sound: 'Faint not to be strong in the Lord. For as His majesty is so is His mercy,' and what His majesty is, let the great sea declare. Blessed be the Lord God for friends, for air and water and the beauty of coloured light. What is man that Thou art mindful of him, that Thou with hand so various, renewest him with 'secret refreshings'? What is man? But he is Thine, O Lord, Thou Lover of souls.

Consoled, reinforced in faith, for who could fear by such a sea? we returned to the mission house to meet the kindly questions of Canon Sell of the C.M.S., whose fatherly heart could not let him rest without asking us how things were with us, for he knew that all that came to us came in pounds, and what was the pound worth now?

But the sound of the sea was in our ears, and we did not tell him anything, except that we were sure our needs would be supplied; for we knew to the missionary financier our position would seem exceedingly precarious, though indeed the word would have been much too mild for him if he had seen our gift book at that hour, still more so could he have foreseen its readings a month later when we touched bottom at £35.[But though we told him nothing of this, his kindness was not satisfied, and he arranged for a regular grant to help us with the work. This, however, we felt we must return, for reasons those who have followed us so far will understand.]

The weeks that followed were full of work; for arrears had piled up during our absence, and, though the comfort of that evening by the sea did not forsake me, I cannot say that it was an easy time for us. We had, as it will be remembered, begun a new square of nurseries and were preparing to welcome a new worker. I

have told how we regard the coming of gifts week by week, not only as supplies, without which the work could not go on, but as guidance, by which we may search and try our ways and know of very surety that we are not running before we are sent. The Master is not responsible for that which the servant unsent attempts. He is responsible to give him the means to do that which He had directed shall be done. Had we in anything mistaken His wishes, crossed those light guiding lines laid down on either side? These were the questions of the time.

But never was a time better to look back upon. Not one of us would have missed it if we could have chosen. We fed upon the promises, and then we pleaded the prayer that must have expressed the cry of thousands of hearts, '*Remember the word unto Thy servant upon which Thou hast caused me to hope.*' Such times make such words very spirit and life.

On the last night of those long weeks it was impossible to sleep. I rose and looked at the mountains in the moonlight, and at the garden on the other side, with its many nurseries lying so peaceful, so unanxious among the glimmering trees.

The little young moon did not put out the stars, but the moonshine was enough to turn the world into a fairyland of beauty, as moonlight always does in the East, where the very colours show, only in a kind of holiness, not earthly, other-earthly for beauty.

'But Lord, the children cannot live upon moonlight'; the words were spoken before I knew, to the all but seen Companion of that quiet hour, and back came the answer, gentle as the fall of moonbeams upon leaves, 'Yes, I know.'

Then came thoughts of the givers at home, whom the war had greatly impoverished, and of those gone before, who though they walk on golden pavements cannot send even a little handful of its dust to us down here; and as these thoughts rose, comforts answered them, and I went back to bed and slept.

And then came the dream which, though it was only a dream, had so lovely a fulfilment that one is tempted to wonder if it was only a dream after all. For this is it, as it was written down when I awoke, lest it should float off as so often such things do, and melt like a cloud in the morning sky.

I seemed to be in a great bank. I thought it was Barclay's Bank. I saw the broad polished counter and all the paraphernalia of a bank at home. And then I looked up and saw running round the wall in a kind of frieze these words:

CASTING ALL YOUR CARE UPON HIM, FOR HE CARETH FOR YOU: YOUR HEAVENLY FATHER KNOWETH THAT YOU HAVE NEED OF ALL THESE THINGS.

'How good to know Barclay's Bank is like this,' I said aloud, almost waking myself, and I thought of all the poor troubled people who must go in and look tired and be comforted. And then I began to wonder if it really was an earthly bank; but did they have banks in heaven? And with that I woke, rather unwillingly, for I did not want to leave that very pleasant place.

That morning the mail came in, as before, unexpected; for in war-time its comings were irregular and unannounced. The first letter we opened had this word in it, 'My God shall supply all your need,' and the next had a cheque for £52 4s. 4d. A day or two later, 'He careth for you' came written across the flap of an envelope which contained a cheque for £65. From that time on it was as if a door had been opened and supplies were let through again.

'But you are hung upon nothing!' It was not a reassuring remark. It was made to me some nights previous to the night of the dream. I need not say by whom. There are those who, to his great content, deny his existence. They have not lived in India, or if they have, they have not met him in fair fight.

It was the night of the Hindu fast-day of the month, moonless and still, for the temple worship was over, and the stars set in depths of violet clearness looked down on me like wise kind eyes of eternal friends, who from far seats have seen the end of the Lord. A heat mist rose and covered the face of the world, a vague and dreamy influence that blurred all outlines, even the outlines of the starlit hills. But the stars shone triumphantly. It could not reach the stars.

Sometimes in our forest we see the black and amber spider of the mountains swinging on the end of her silver line, hung as it seems from space. The wind blows, it swings to and fro but never breaks, and looking up we see far overhead a

light leafy twig against the blue, a mere pencil perhaps, but with the strength of the tree in it.

Looking up into those blue depths that night, it was almost as if this little place were for the moment swinging loose, hung upon nothing, for hardly could its thread reach to the constant stars. Not but that it had many friends who would rally round it if they knew it was in need; but it was the Lord of all friends with whom we had to do. If we failed to get access to Him and to hold on without appeal to earth, we had completely failed.

Suddenly the word of the tempter was answered. He who hung the earth upon nothing was the God of this little fraction of it. To Him our line was fastened. Tree of Igdrasil, rather, and for ever, Tree of Life, from eternity to eternity the same. And once more ashamed, fear fled. It is safe to be hung upon nothing, safe to do anything, be anywhere, be anything with such a God.

Nor Scrip—27. To Be Servants of All

On December 1, 1920, two of our children were set apart to be, the Lord opening the way, medical missionaries, servants of all. They had prayed over the matter, and were clear in their desire, and we wanted the hour to be a marked one in their lives, so all the family gathered in the Room of Praise, and standing before the two hundred and fifty, their older and younger sisters and brothers, with those of us to whom they are own dear children, standing round about them, they gave themselves and we gave them to be verily servants of all.

Then we read the passage from the Gospel 'Servant of all.' 'For even the Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give His life a ransom for many.'

On a low table beside us facing the company of children, stood, looking round with puzzled but approving eyes, the two-year-old boy whose name means Great Joy. The Indian sign of service is to touch the feet, and we are very Indian here. So the two girls touched the little feet, in sign that these words were indeed their life's motto. And then we prayed for the grace of the Lord to bring them into effect. That afternoon they began to learn Latin.

A few days passed and several others, half fearing, half hoping, asked to be allowed to join the class, and in a while we shall know to what kind of service they are called. But the reason I have told of this (which otherwise could have hardly had place in a book of this book's purpose) is that the future cost of this class is in part already met.

All the girls, teaching sisters, nursing sisters, and children, learn the kind of basket work known as American Indian, but our Dohnavur work is gradually growing into something distinctive. This work is done in those odd half-hours which even the busiest life must have, and which so often slip off unregarded. Intervals of convalescence are used too, and indeed any spare time, or 'own time' the girls have, as it is their gift to the work. And now they want to use the proceeds to help in the medical education of any who are to be medicals. It seems a happy plan.

Each then will have a share in the service of healing so much needed in this land. It will be the gift of them all to India, and to India's Lord. [There were delays, and finally the girls working on the medical side were trained here. So the gathered money of the years, over £1,000, has been used to build the children's wards in the Place of Heavenly Healing. See *Gold Cord* (Chapters xl.-xlii.) for story of the development of the medical work.]

Nor Scrip—28. The Bare Fact

The day is drenched in Thee;
In little exquisite surprises
Bubbling deliciousness of Thee arises
From sudden places,
Under the common traces
Of my most lethargied and 'customed paces.

We have lifted the words from the human to the Divine plane, and surely even the staidest reader will forgive us this last bright excursion into the realm forbidden in a book that touches accounts. For the lovely words are true. Our common traces and accustomed paces are all glad with nothing less than that. 'It is like watching an Invisible Accountant at work,' said the one in whose care these matters are now, as she balanced the year's accounts. And yet all through I have been trying to keep to the strictly prosaic, trying to make this little book as nearly proper a 'Report' as possible. The word sounds dull, so I have honestly tried to be dull, for it is generally understood that words that touch money should be stripped and peeled and iced if possible.

We have come now to the year's end and so to the last of these facts of finance, and I find it hard to tell it severely. It seems to ask for its setting of mountains and bright morning sunshine, and canna beds in crimson flower, and a rose garden waking in roses, and little eager, noisy boys running in and out of it. But here is the bare fact:

Nov. 27, 1920. Felt great need of large play-room and class-room for boys. Early morning asked with Helen for what will be needed. Stepped it out. Reckoned about £300 would be required. Asked for it.

Nov. 28. Ground soft (after rain) a man to spare, dug foundations.

Dec. 17. See Nov. 27. L300 from E., who 'would like it used for boys.'

Dec. 18. Began the new room.

Up till November 26 we had not realized this room to be a necessity. Lessons were going on in nurseries, and all seemed well; but we noticed that those who taught were getting too tired, and knew it must be the little rooms which even with open windows can get stuffy, and boys seem to need a good deal of space. So that morning we stood on one of the last empty places of the last unused corner of the square set apart for the boys' compound, and we asked, as the note says, for 'about £300.' The cheque has been cashed and I cannot look up the date; but mails take just three weeks to reach us from England now, and so it must have been sent off either on or close upon November 27, the date of that prayer in the dawn.

We have finished our story of supplies. The year just closed (1920), whose accounts are on another page, has brought us gifts from givers scattered over the face of the earth; and some are very poor, and none can give without feeling it. The giver of November 27 does house-work day after day to save expenses and to make it possible to give-what does that not mean of the costlier kind of love? We look at the receipt foil again: 'And the King shall say...Inasmuch.'

Let it not be forgotten that there have been trials of faith and may be again (so will not each reader for a moment pray that when they come we may be strong in the Lord?). And let all we have written be regarded as what indeed it is, a humble, grateful word of witness to Him in whom our days are 'drenched', as the little flowers of grass are drenched at this season in the white dews of early harvest, that cloud of dew in the heat that refreshes the plant that has stood in the sun all day.

Nor Scrip—29. Nor Scrip

'No sorrow, no pain, no death, no collection. It sounds too good to be true,' and yet all the time in our Gospel these words are written, 'When I sent you without purse or scrip, lacked ye anything? And they said, Nothing.' It was interesting to find from Deissmann that *scrip* means something connected in the Indian mind with the very idea of holiness, *begging*.

For a Greek inscription, he tells us, of the Roman period has been discovered in Syria, in which a slave of the Syrian Goddess speaks of the begging expeditions undertaken for 'The Lady'. This heathen apostle who speaks of himself as 'sent by the lady' tells how each of his journeys brought in seventy bags (the same word as that used here and translated scrip)-not bags filled with provisions and taken on the journey, but a beggar's collecting bag.

Our Lord has many ways of working. The only thing that can matter is to be obedient to what, so far as we know His will, is His word for us, and to keep to it till He directs otherwise. Surely in obedience there is strength and courage and the blessing of a quiet mind, and, with all our brethren who are walking on this road, we would look up with grateful hearts and say when He asks us, 'Lacked ye anything?' 'Nothing, our dear Master, nothing,' and tell all who listen, 'There failed not aught of any good thing which the Lord had spoken. All came to pass.'

Yes, all. Far back in memory is one little fenced-in space. The children had begun to come. After three years of vain search for a way to save them, the way was shown, and the first babies came. There was great joy in receiving them, but one day a visitor talked much about the future, the impossibility of providing for so many little girls grown up, and little girls grow up with astonishing speed. As I listened the years seemed to rush upon me, and frightened me.

For I could not controvert a single thing she said. The ways of India and the state of the Indian Church were (and are) exactly what she said they were. The difficulties ahead were (and are) as serious, as insurmountable. 'Impossible, impossible. You are undertaking an impossibility,' she kept saying, till at last the

word wrote itself across the sky, and the mountains, and the green trees. Everywhere I looked I saw it.

At that time there was very little money, and just then the Evangelistic Band which was in full work needed all that was coming in. And a new baby came.

But with that new baby came a little sum apart, something evidently definitely meant to start its small career, and, being very much consoled, I asked that something henceforth might always come with new babies, as an earnest that all the need, not only for provision, but for guidance in the difficult future, and deliverance from perils and fears, would be met in full. And it has been so. Sometimes the sum is large, oftener small, but large or small we take it as our Father's assurance that the little new child is His now, His care, adopted into His family.

Times without number, so often that we did not, for we could not, record them, enough came just when required for unexpected expenses, connected with the deliverance of children, for preaching expeditions and the needs of enquirers and converts, as well as for those unforeseeable expenses which spring up, like cheerful plants sure of their welcome, in the fields of a new work. Frequent and delightful surprises of this kind of provision (for in one sense it never loses the delights of a surprise) compel the most unwilling to believe that something more than chance and coincidence explain such happy happenings. Someone unseen but intimately concerned is in command, 'must be,' as a Brahman high official said yesterday as he walked round, 'for otherwise how could all continue so to be?'

How indeed? And far more we feel it to be so when we consider those other gifts, the human blessed gifts of colleagues, Indian and English. What a story theirs would make! It is hard to refrain from it, and reading through the proofs of this poor little fragment of one, and not the greatest, of our experiences, I feel it is indeed merest fragment of fragments.

But I remember our forest and am encouraged. There, where all manner of coloured stones rejoice us, we find joy in that smallest thing, the little

inconspicuous fragment of crystal, as it catches the dawn or sparkles up to the moon walking in brightness.

So we let our fragment go, to be thankful unto Him and to speak good of His Name.

Nor Scrip—Note

There is no separate entry labelled 'Evangelistic' because we take it that every entry represents the making of a road upon which the word of the Lord may run and be glorified. The work is nothing if not evangelistic through and through.

The accounts given in pounds are identical with those in rupees, taking the pound as worth fifteen rupees, the rate before the war. To avoid perplexity (for the rate is perpetually changing) this has been the plan all through. [This was written in 1921; the exchange now (1932) is much lower.] But to see the wonder of these accounts it is needful to remember that about three thousand rupees was what we then required a month, and that no one who sent to our help knew what any other was sending, that sometimes to make up this three thousand, £200 was enough, while sometimes over £400 was needed because of loss on exchange, and that yet the right amount (as an average) came all through 1919, while in 1920 when exchange was at its worst it still continued to come and at the end we had a balance, the 'baskets, over and above.'

Could the kindest, most far-seeing financier have so adjusted matters that (for the most part small) gifts from several thousand people, sent to us from many different countries, should be according to the measure of the need, whether greater or less, caused by the fluctuations of exchange in India? Can any wonder that we trust our Heavenly Financier and feel safe in His hands?

The story already told explains the previous page. A few words will put those unaccustomed to diagrams on the track. When the thin line rises above the thick line there was a balance called in the story 'Baskets.' When the thick line rises

above the thin, the expenses were greater than the gifts of that year but were met by the balance from previous years; in other words, we drew on the Baskets. When the thin line again rises above the thick the Baskets were refilled. The thick line therefore expresses the needs of the work, and the thin their supply, and the only explanation of their adjustment through these years is to be found in Phil. 5:19.

Over and above these gifts for general expenses, including building, we have the nucleus of a fund called Comforts, made up in part from the Baskets, to provide things honest for worn-out workers. As no Dohnavur worker has 'pay' it will be recognised that the thought of these gifts is Comfort indeed to those responsible for the conduct of the work.

Finally, remembering once more that never to man or woman on earth were our needs or even desires made known, and that there is no promise for the continuance of any sum mentioned in this book except the legacy of £200 a year (which when exchange was as its worst realized less than £100, and in purchasing value less than £40), and yet that not once have we lacked any good thing, the word of our hearts can only be this, Who is like unto the Lord our God that hath His dwelling so high, and yet humbleth Himself to behold the things that are in heaven and earth?

To save givers trouble, those who take meetings for Dohnavur gladly receive and forward anything given; but there is no collection at any meeting. We gratefully use whatever is sent to us; but we ask all to refrain from asking for gifts, and we trust them to see to it that no money is drawn for us by means of entertainments. Is it needful to entertain God's friends in order to get them to give to Him?

Gifts may be sent direct to us:-Dohnavur, Tinnevely District, S. India, by draft, cheque or money order, or to any of the friends of the work who act as Hon. Secretaries in Ireland, Scotland, Australia, New Zealand, Canada, South Africa and the United States of America.

The name and address of any of these friends will be sent on application either to the General Secretary for England:

Miss O. Gibson,
4, Alan Road,
Wimbledon,
London, S.W. 19,

or to:

The Secretary, Dohnavur,
Tinnevelly District,
S. India.

Where legacies are concerned Miss O. Gibson (address as above) acts as Hon. Treasurer.

The Dohnavur Books (see following page) are obtainable from any of the above, also through booksellers in any part of the world.

'I BELIEVE... I BELONG'

The words hung on Bishop Moule's study walls many years ago. They often come to us with comforting force. All fellowships, all loyalties meet there.

For the sake of some who are interested in such matters we have been asked to say from what the children are delivered and how we work.

The children: we have told in other writings what we can about their peril. In a letter to *The Times*, Sir Valentine Chirol has thus described them as he lately saw them: 'Between (the worshippers) flit about laughing bright-eyed little girls, the daughters of the temple, still unconscious of the life of the temple to which they have been dedicated from their birth.' Should any require more explicit information they will find it in Pierre Loti's *India*; but will those who can bring themselves to read that description (so un-English in its unreserve), of the dance

of the Bayadere, remember that the 'delicate and glittering butterfly' tamed to the will of her captors, was captured when she was a babe in arms or a tiny innocent child. And let the reader imagine if he can what it means to dare to lay hands upon such a one, fated, doomed, trained to life in that gilded cage. We require no usual easy sympathy and prayer, but the prayers of men and women whose hearts are *scarred* by the burning grief of it.

But the less said (in print) the better. The children, many of them of gentle birth and most delicate refinement of feeling, are growing up as other children, alert, sensitive to every wind that blows. And certain words, blown across the seas, howsoever kindly meant, can be as the *vādai* of South India, that cutting north-east wind that shrivels growing plants.

The boys, for whom a separate work is beginning, are wanted by three sets of people, the Temple authorities, dramatic companies, Muhammadan. Of this matter we do not feel free to say more at present, but we earnestly ask for co-operation in prayer that these little lads may be found. [See *Brothers of the Lotus Buds*. Godfrey Webb-Peploe.]

Finally, to revert to ourselves again, we are all of one mind in an house as regards the Bible, very Word of Very God, and no one would be at home with us who was not happy in the simplest form of evangelical religion. It has sometimes seemed to us that perhaps one reason why we were set here was that God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named, took pleasure in showing that, unaffected by the whirl of talk, unconfused by findings of committees to consider unity, it was possible simply and happily to do the things so much discussed and be one with His lovers everywhere. Surely all who love meet in essentials. There are places where questions and differences fall off. In those places, heavenly places in Christ Jesus our Lord, we meet and move, and know no other, nor wish to know them. Nor do our children. To them 'our unhappy divisions' are not even names.

The work then and we ourselves belong to the people of the family. The children belong to them. To the love of that dear family we commit them, in the love of the Lord.

And the future? There may be no future. Perhaps He will come for whom we are all looking. But should there be a future, what can we do but train our children in truth and in love, and trust Him to open the way before them? We never deceive ourselves by imagining it will be easy for them. We are trying to prepare them to endure hardness, every kind of hardness, as good soldiers.

All round us there is work to be done; the opportunities know no boundaries but those set by our strength and the means at our command. Large communities of Moslems, and Hindu towns unaffected by the Gospel or hardened in resistance by their contact with it, stand on three sides of us. Near our forest is a Hindu shrine to which pilgrims go. When the way opens we hope to do something that will reach many from far away.

About the Author



Amy Wilson Carmichael was born in the small village of Millisle, County Down, Northern Ireland to David and Catherine Carmichael. Her parents were devout Presbyterians and she was the eldest of seven siblings. Carmichael was the founder of the Welcome Evangelical Church in Belfast that ministered to 500 mill girls in the church hall of Rosemary Street Presbyterian. She was called to similar work in Manchester in 1889 before moving onto missionary work. She was an unlikely candidate for missionary work as she suffered from neuralgia, a disease of the nerves. She heard Hudson Taylor at the Keswick Convention of 1887 and became convinced of her calling to missionary work. She applied to the China Inland Mission, underwent training in London, and met and was encouraged by Mary Geraldine Guinness, author and missionary to China. Due poor health, she postponed her missionary career with the CIM and later joined the Church Missionary Society. Initially Carmichael traveled to Japan for fifteen months, but she found her lifelong vocation in India. She was commissioned by the Church of England Zenana Mission.

Much of her work was with young ladies (over one thousand), some of whom were saved from forced prostitution. Hindu temple children were young girls dedicated to the gods and forced into prostitution to earn money for the priests i.e *Devadasi*. The organization she founded was known as the Dohnavur Fellowship, and is situated in Tamil Nadu, thirty miles from the southern tip of India.

In an effort to respect Indian culture, members of the organization she founded (known as the Dohnavur Fellowship in Tamil Nadu, thirty miles from the southern tip of India) wore Indian dress and the children were given Indian names. She

herself dressed in Indian clothes, dyed her skin with dark coffee, and often travelled long distances on India's hot, dusty roads to save just one child from suffering. While serving in India, Amy received a letter from a young lady who was considering life as a missionary. She asked Amy, "What is missionary life like?" Amy wrote back saying simply, "Missionary life is simply a chance to die."

- [Donavur Fellowship](#)